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MARCH 27, 1981

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## The self from within

By Thomas Nagel

BRIAN O'SHAUGHNESSY:

*The Will*  
*A Dual Aspect Theory*  
Volume 1, 259pp. £25.  
0 521 22679 1  
Volume 2, 368pp. £27.50.  
0 521 22680 5  
Cambridge University Press.

Brian O'Shaughnessy is one of the best philosophers in England. This has been true for some time but apparent only to careful students of the small number of dense, difficult, idiosyncratic papers he has published over the past twenty-five years. He has worked by himself largely outside of contemporary philosophical society, and these wild and wonderful volumes reveal for the first time what he has been doing and on what a scale he has worked.

A good philosopher must find his obsession, and it will drive him for the rest of his life. O'Shaughnessy's obsession has been with the most intimate of those relations in which the self stands to the physical or 'external' world; its relation to that part of the physical world which it can move directly and of which it has immediate awareness - the body.

There is an air of paradox in describing the body as part of the external world simply because it is a physical object, and this shows how fruitful the topic of human action must be as a key to understanding the place of the self in the world. It is here, if anywhere, that the apparently radical divide between mind and matter can be replaced by an intelligible, inner connection. For our bodies are not outside us, even though they are physical objects. We are not aware of them only through their effects on our senses (I can look at my hand to see its position on the keyboard, but I also know without looking how far my left index finger is from the letter 'I'). And we do not move them only by pushing them around (if my left arm is asleep I can move it with my right, but then I do not move my right with anything: I just move it).

But if my body is not outside me, then is my body part of my mind, so that a portion of the physical world is contained in the self? Strange as it sounds, that is O'Shaughnessy's answer: 'Events occurring outside the brain can be parts, indeed essential parts, of immediately experienced psychological events.' Perhaps indeed when we think from the inside out it is inconceivable that any self remotely like ours psychologically should not have a body in this very strong sense: not that it is housed in a body but that direct physical action and direct knowledge of its own physical posture and orientation are parts of its mental life. And this pervasiveness of the self by the body in action may infect the more 'inner' psychological phenomena of sensation, perception, desire, belief, intention, thought, because of the closeness with which they are joined to action and bodily self-awareness in a single conceptual net.

This reversal of the usual direction of approach to the mind-body problem is a main feature of O'Shaughnessy's book. He is investigating the relation between mind and body from within the mind itself - not as it might appear to external observation of behavioural effects or physiological causes

of psychological phenomena. He wants to understand that mysterious and essential aspect of the inner life of each of us: the condition of being a physical, animal organism.

To defend his view he must resist a rival picture of the intimate relation between the self and the body: that we move our bodies directly by the causal effect of a special type of inner mental act, a volition, and are directly aware of our bodies through a body image that is a kind of passive sensory trace. According to this view, our bodies are much closer to our minds than any other physical object is, but the two remain ultimately distinct and their relation to one another is

O'Shaughnessy's approach is from the inside out. He too believes we are (at least) physical organisms, but he wants to see what can be discovered about the relation between our psychological states and the operation of our bodies by starting from the point of view of the psychological subject, immediately aware in certain respects of what he is doing, feeling, and thinking. Instead of trying to construct the mind out of an ontology from which it has been excluded, he starts with the mind, explores it from within, and discovers that it inevitably opens out into the physical world in virtue of its inevitable possession of a body; particularly in action - 'the very soul of the

will has great attractions.' 'Of course,' he adds, 'one cannot in adopting such an historical perspective elevate oneself above the need for argument.' A fine anti-historicist motto.

O'Shaughnessy's inquiry proceeds by a method of *a priori* reasoning that makes his work traditional in a way that Kripke's work is not. For it is based on the conviction that by taking apart certain natural and inescapable concepts through the kind of philosophical self-exploration that can be carried out only by their possessors, we can make fundamental discoveries about the nature of the reality to which these concepts apply. There is a great deal that philosophy

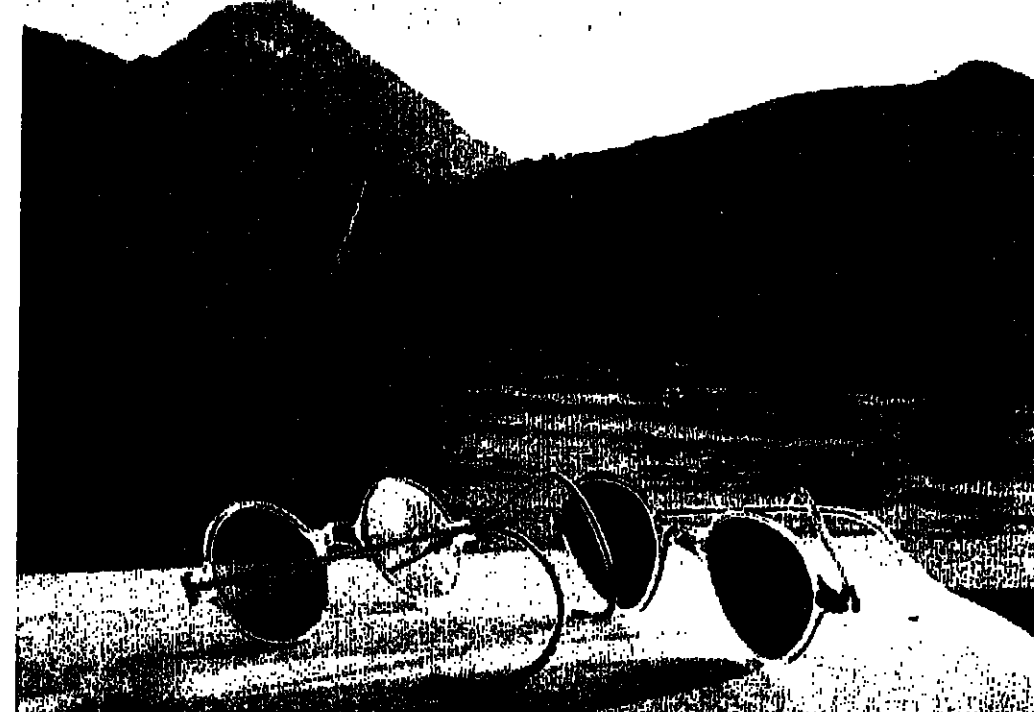
rationality involved the formation of certain natural facts... This is how man came to know of *The World/Space/Truth/Self/Time/Consciousness*: the whole galaxy of metaphysical Leading Lights. These are concepts that we could not, as self-conscious, rational beings, have lacked. They are determined by primal facts of inner and outer reality.

By contrast there are many concepts which we might have lacked and which were initially acquired by ostension. Almost everything about those things has to be discovered by empirical inquiry, because the concepts contain so little. 'Whereas there is a philosophical analysis of the concept of physical action, there could hardly be a comparable philosophical analysis of the purely *a posteriori* idiosyncratic concepts of gold or tiger. Yet the divergence in the nature of the enterprises is by no means total; for they are from the point of view of the world's extension at one. For the philosophical analysis, from that point of view, does no more than indicate certain *a priori*-given constraints upon the extension of 'immediately willed event'. It leaves the final element in the determination of that extension up to science, and this last is precisely the position with 'gold' and 'tiger'.

Just how much truth about reality is buried in those rich, obscure *a priori* concepts, waiting to be extracted by philosophy, is a controversial matter. Many contemporary philosophers suspect that these natural concepts are full of confusion and ignorance, so that we should rely on them only warily, not hesitating to replace them with others that are clearer or more scientifically sound. I believe this is fundamentally wrong because science must build on a pre-scientific awareness and understanding of certain aspects of the world, which can never be thrown away no matter how much is added to it, because it is constantly being re-used. It must be possible to explain technical jargon ultimately in natural terms: otherwise the connection with the understanding is lost and the dangers of confusion or emptiness become really serious.

O'Shaughnessy's method may seem to some in place too much reliance on pre-scientific concepts, but it seems to me to be justified by its results as well as by its rationale. Most of the work's 725 pages are taken up with an extremely dense sequence of arguments, often very subtle, and of consistently high quality, for and against various well-arranged hypotheses concerning the nature of action, perception, the structure of the mind, and the relations among various psychological phenomena. The task of reading through it is eased by the quality of the writing, the vividness of the examples, and the excellent organization that sustains a consistent forward movement from beginning to end, giving the work the appearance of one long argument that sheds any elaborate theory as it reaches its way through the subject.

Here are a few of the conclusions. Physical action is psychologically primitive and, like sensation, has a character independent of its intentional content. It need not be intentional under any description. Here O'Shaughnessy disagrees with Davidson. He argues convincingly that any general account of voluntary action must apply to idle tappings of the foot and movements of the tongue of which we need not be aware, and



Vierwaldstättersee (1936) by Herbert List - see Stephen Spender's article and the photograph on page 350.

almost magical as it would be magical if I could move the furniture simply by willing it to move. O'Shaughnessy opposes to this a non-magical picture which is nevertheless not a reduction of the mental to the physical, and in the course of it he propounds a general and original theory of the structure of the mind.

Before describing the results, let me say something about the philosophical context. This work concerns the mind-body problem, but though it expresses a debt to Wittgenstein and to the writings of Elizabeth Anscombe, Stuart Hampshire, and Donald Davidson on the subject of action, its approach is quite different from most of the literature in analytic philosophy of the last thirty years. That literature has usually started from the assumption that persons and animals are physical organisms, and has asked how it is possible to attribute psychological states to such organisms on the basis of observation of their behaviour, and what the relation is between those psychological states and the brain states on which they depend. The approach has been largely from the outside in: and for the most part, the results have been crude and superficial, the products of self-imposed blindness.

While he does not take up the relation between mental events and the brain in general, and does not argue for a general dual aspect theory of the mind, he explains why a view of this kind might have been temporary appeal. 'On the one hand, the steadily accumulating achievements of physics and its brilliantly successful application to the problem of Life in Molecular Biology, together with recent success in constructing artificial intelligences - create a climate of thought conducive to materialism. On the other hand, the increasing revolution in our understanding of the brain, and the increasing destructiveness and leveling reductionism, which is rapidly losing its charms along with its credibility - make for a climate in which a programme of ontological conserva-

agent expanding as it were beyond its natural confines out into the world at large.' He describes his theory of the will as a dual aspect theory, because it holds that voluntary actions are essentially both psychological and physical events - not combinations of psychological and physical events, but Janus-faced - and that their psychological character requires that they also be physical, even though at the same time it cannot be reduced to or analysed in terms of their physical character.

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alone cannot discover: but we cannot hope to learn what is most important about some aspects of reality without uncovering those fundamental features by which they are grasped in thought - and we are likely to be confined in any further inquiry unless we understand these features first.

The mind is one such domain, and action a central example. Much can be discovered about it by empirical scientific methods. But 'the ultimate constituents of physical action... are pre-scientifically, indeed *a priori*, given. In this sense, the concept of a physical action is an *a priori* concept, which stands nonetheless in need of a *a posteriori* given application conditions.' Science can discover the latter, eg. the physiological mechanisms that make action possible; but philosophy must discover what action is - its essential, necessary and sufficient conditions. Then how did we acquire such a *a priori* concept, and why should we believe what they seem to reveal about reality? O'Shaughnessy's answer is (not unintentionally) obscure: 'Certain natural facts must non-argumentatively have guided pre-rational mankind in forming these crucial usages in the dim pre-history of the species at the dawn of self-consciousness. More exactly: the passage from pre-rational to

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This is the Trollope world, but the quotation is not from him. It is, by far the most historiographically influential study of Victorian high politics to appear in the past decade, A. B. Cooke and John Vincent's *The Governing Passion*, a work rightly hailed as 'the most formidable indictment of flaccid political enquiry since Namier'. The old view was that Trollope's deliberate representation of his politicians as absorbed in triviality, feigning through drawing-room dexterity, and achieving far more than divided them, was proof of his own exclusion and limitations; this can no longer be sustained. The profound, and profoundly calculated, nature of his verisimilitude on other levels also commands the interest of historians, while his serial narrative and flair for what he himself called 'domestic politics' assure him a readership who are for content rather than form. It is likely that controversies about his style, his structure, and his beliefs, the development of his art, and the 'gilding' of his novels will continue without much affecting that public; which is probably just how Trollope would have wanted it.

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## commentary

## No man's homecoming

By Alan Jenkins

Family Voices  
BBC Radio 3 and Lyttelton Theatre

Somewhere "in this enormous city" a young man thinks of his mother, who languishes somewhere on the south coast and thinks of her son. These thoughts, formulated but not transmitted (their content tells us as much), mother and son address to each other in an unspecified mode, its ambiguities exploited to the full between unspoken monologue and unwritten letter. There is no suggestion of contact made, response secured, but only an overwhelming sense of solitary, echoless speaking. Harold Pinter's latest work is a play for two voices — and, at the end, a third voice, that of the young man's father — and for those voices' tones of voice. The young man tells himself entertaining, even exciting stories of his new "family", while the abandoned, widowed mother lives in her memories of the old.

Twice broadcast on Radio 3, and successfully transposed to the stage for a dramatized platform "reading" at the Lyttelton theatre (where the actors sit in cane chairs before a bleak no-background) the play is an exquisitely funny and plangent piece of theatre whether for disembodied voices on the airwaves or for figures reduced by minimal lighting to near-silhouettes on screens. Much of it recalls "classic" Pinter — the writer of *The Homecoming* or *No Man's Land* — but refined almost to disappearing (we do not actually see, or hear, the grotesques in this play). Michael Kitchen as the young man, Peggy Ashcroft as his mother, and Mark Dignam as the father, gave faultless performances; on radio they were slower, more languid, but the quicker pace of the stage production lost nothing by way of sureness or nuance.

Initially the boy is self-justifyingly, jauntily defensive about his move away from the nest; the mother acquiesces, plaintive, fondling memories as lovingly as she once dried the boy's hair, "so gently with my soft towel". Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a shift in emphasis occurs, the tone and burden of the utterances change direction. The mother grows accusing, embittered; the boy, regretful and increasingly doubtful about his substitute family/landlords, the Witherses, contemplates with joy the prospect of a return and a reunion. No home, for this writer, can fail to be charged with uncertainty or terror; no family can be without its private dread, its history of pain and miserable struggles for domination or independence. In *Family Voices* these are complicated by a departure from home and the discovery of a new, very different "home"; all the horrors are present, ready to come home to roost, though conveyed indirectly, both through the shifts and contradictions of the touching/terrifying picture that emerges of the boy's "real family", and through the more startling and comic dislocatedness of his reports or fantasies as regards Mrs

Withers ("I was a right titbit, she said. I was like a piece of plum duff"), Lady Withers ("She asked me to call her Lally"), the alarming Jane and unspeakable menfolk.

The elements of puzzle and inconsistency, the circumambient sexual ambiguities, the pervasive overtones of menace and perversion — there are no prizes for noticing these in any play by Pinter. But they are distilled in this short piece into some fine flashes of sinister and fantastic double-talk.

Pinter's verbal touch, at its surest on the boundary between politeness and derangement, the genteel and the thuggish, and his marvellous ear for the self-revealing phrase, for the detail or cadence that renders acute embarrassment or conjures a world of social posturing, is put to deft effect. "I had never seen so many buns. One quick glance told me they were perched on cakestands all over the room."

The father's last words from the grave, "I have so much to say to you. What I have to say to you will never be said", do not contain within themselves the possibility of the hoped-for communion. They entertain the possibility only of final, irrevocable separation, a kind of unending poignancy, and unbreakable silence. Inevitably, given all that we have heard these family voices say, yet Pinter's inventiveness is so grimly and constantly surprising, his language so rich for all its economy and simplicity, and his best moments are so memorable, that it almost seems like the price we have to pay — not for lip-service to "realism" or a "view of human nature" but for fidelity to a governing shape and feeling, and for what a critic once attributed to Samuel Beckett, "the dramatist's equivalent of perfect pitch".

## The scientific spark divine

By J. Mordaunt Crook

The Order of the Day: Thomas Harrison and the Architecture of the Greek Revival  
Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.

Thomas Harrison is fast becoming a cult figure among architectural historians; a solitary, shy, provincial genius, immersed in the North West of England, yet the author of some of the most remarkable Neo-Classical designs in the history of European architecture. During his lifetime he was ignored by the fashionable world, but admired by cognates. Lord Elgin called him "the most classical and scientific architect of his day"; C. R. Cockerell noted in his diary, "Harrison has a spark divine". After his death Harrison's reputation dwindled, and confined to dwindle until the rediscovery of his drawings in the late 1960s. Since then academic interest has grown apace. An exhibition was mounted at the Grosvenor Museum, Chester, in 1977. And this latest display of drawings, models and



Frederick Sandys: "Proud Maizie" (1892), from an exhibition of rarely-seen Victorian works of art at the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, until April 26. The works come from collections in and around London, and include a group of Leighton drawings never shown before. Among the other artists are Millais, Burne-Jones, William Morris and Alma-Tadema.

photographs, organized by the History of Art Department at Manchester University, comes closer still — though still not close enough — to explaining Harrison's peculiarly redolent genius.

Harrison studied in Rome — and won the approval of Pope Clement XIV — but never travelled in Greece. He was therefore a Greek Revivalist at second hand, learning his mouldings laboriously via the folios of Stuart and Revett. Perhaps because his scholarship was vicarious, he felt less committed to archaeological accuracy. Certainly, his Neo-Classicism never sinks to the level of copyism.

Four surviving designs sum up Harrison's personal brand of Neo-Classicism. The first — Lancaster Shire Hall (1788-99) — is Gothic in form but classical in plan and spirit. Despite its medieval dress, it already reveals the mind of an engineer, the mind of a mathematician, stripping away superfluous ornament, concentrating on the essentials of design. The second is the Lyceum Club, Liverpool (1800-1804). With its noble interlaced portico and circular library, this is a building with a contentious recent history. After prolonged dispute, it has now been rescued from demolition but still awaits a new use. The third is Chester Castle (1788-1822), a key building in the history of Neo-Classicism. "Here", wrote C. R. Cockerell, "a great hand is visible."

The coffered vault of the Shire Hall (1791-1801) springs effortlessly above its semi-circular colonnade; the mighty columns of the Propylaeum (1810-22) combine the primal simplicity of the Sublime with the interplay of light and shade associated with the Picturesque. Fourthly, and finally, the Grosvenor Bridge (1827-31) at Chester marks the culmination of Harrison's career. Soaring like a rainbow across the river Mersey, its 200-foot arch, at the time of construction, the largest single-span stone arch in the world. Here engineering and architecture are still marching in the same direction. No wonder Harrison talked so ardently of "timely Wyatt and trippery Adam".

To round off the exhibition, the local context of Harrison's designs is demonstrated in the form of an architectural "quest": "The Greek Revival in the North-West". Here photographs of some fifty buildings in Lancashire and Cheshire

emphasize the quality of provincial Neo-Classicism in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Besides London architects like Smirke, Barry, Burton and Cockerell, there are at least four local men of comparable talent: John Foster and Harvey Lonsdale Elmes of Liverpool; Richard Lane of Manchester; and James Hibbert of Preston. It is good to be reminded of the excellence of their work.

All in all, there is only one flaw in presentation. A number of minor errors in the catalogue — and a number of positively over-optimistic attributions to Harrison himself — suggest that the organizers have failed to take note of what is to the far — the definitive statement of Harrison's oeuvre: the list of works in the second edition of H. M. Colvin's *A Biographical Dictionary of Architects, 1600-1840* (John Murray, 1978).

The catalogue of the Harrison exhibition (32pp, 26 black and white illustrations) is available from the Whitworth Gallery at £1 plus 50p post and package.

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**Children's books**

## The artist as orchestrator

By S. S. Prawer

SELMA G. LANES:  
The Art of Maurice Sendak  
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Maurice Sendak is with the immortals. As long as children look at picture books, *Where the Wild Things Are* will be among their treasured possessions — to be studied, to be savoured, to be scribbled on, to be handled until the book falls to pieces. *Srinuwelpeter*, the *Alice* books with their Tennyson illustrations, *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, *Pinocchio* illustrated by Little Mussino, *The Story of Babar the Little Elephant* and just a handful of others belong to the same illustrious company. If the children are lucky, their parents will be encouraged by their reception of *Wild Things* to buy them *In the Night Kitchen* as well — the central work in Sendak's picture book trilogy, a little miracle of inventiveness and draughtsmanship, full of delicious detail recalling the decor of the 1930s, which was the time of the artist's own childhood. Freudian symbol-hunters, alas, have been known to interpret *In the Night Kitchen* as a maturation fantasy and banish it from the nursery in favour of some healthy oedipal tale like *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Sendak's books provide visual education of a very special kind. He is equally sensitive to the interrelation of details in each individual picture, the place of the picture on the page, and the relation of all the pictures to one another and to the text. To recognize this we need only look at *A Hole is to Dig*, a book whose text was supplied by nursery-school and kindergarten children, arranged by Ruth Krauss, and illustrated by Sendak. All is decorated with the joy of handling books, the delight, from the cover drawings with their sailing and jumping figures, the endpapers with their balanced arrangement of dancers, the dreamy vignettes with stars and little brother under the night-sky, over the single and double page illustrations in which, interesting things tempt constant exploration without ever disturbing the delicate balance of text and picture, the "hole" theme turning up in different spots all over the place, until we come to the final page, with its celebration of the act of reading and the joy of handling books. Or look again at *Where the Wild Things Are*; here the very size of each picture helps to develop and determine mood: the illustrations gradually expand as Max sets out on his fantasy voyage, until we reach the last, the most famous central pages in which even the text is crowded out by the wild things' "rumpus".

After that the pictures contract again as Max, now purged of his rage, is drawn back into his own room by the offer of food and love. Or look at the works in which Sendak collaborated with his friend Randolph Jarrell — his autobiography *My Name is Max*, where poet and illustrator worked together on the lay-out of the text as well as the pictures. They made the text into a tight little island of print surrounded by wide margins representing the world outside, and turned the square shape of the whole book into the eponymous family's little house. Or, lastly, look again at the ever-popular *Nutshell Library*, whose decorative slipcase, with its fastidious arrangement of drawings which are at once humorous and moving, speaks irresistibly of the delights offered by books in general and, in particular, those offered by the little books to be found within.

This is not the end, however, of the pictorial education children may derive from early contact with Sendak's work. He is always paying pictorial homage, either to the popular culture of his childhood (Mickey Mouse, Laurel and Hardy, *King Kong*, Busby Berkeley, Winsor McCay) or to the painters and illustrators he came to know as an art-student, a developing artist, and a book-collector. We find his illustrations speaking the language of Chagall and Corot, of Daumier and Rowlandson, of Dürer, of Ludwig Grimm and other nineteenth-century illustrators, of Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott. These are deliberate acts of homage, and the different modes are fully integrated into Sendak's own highly personal art. Without being mere imitations, the illustrations introduce children to a wide variety of historical styles which they can recognize when they stray into an art-gallery or when they come upon volumes enshrining the work of some of the older illustrators and graphic artists that have helped to shape the language of Maurice Sendak's picture books.

The work of an artist of this calibre deserves a full-length study and in Selma Lanes it has found an able interpreter and sympathetic advocate. If anything, she is a little too sympathetic, so that her study turns out to be more of a hagiography than a work of criticism. Such adverse comment as she ventures to make is usually based on Sendak's own vigorous self-criticism, which she seeks to soften rather than reinforce. There are places too where a less committed critic than Mrs Lanes might have ventured some adverse criticism: one fantasy-sequence, for instance, reproduced without comment as an example of Sendak's growing involvement with music, seems to me to trivialize the Beethoven quartet on which it is ostensibly based.

One of the many virtues of Selma Lanes's book is that it pays a good deal of attention to the roots of Sendak's art in his own childhood. She shows, for instance, with fascinating detail, the part that family photographs have played in successive picture books; and she rightly stresses the importance that his Jewishness, his upbringing in a consciously Jewish household has had for his intellectual,

spiritual and emotional formation. It is therefore astonishing that she fails to include in her study a single illustration from the two early books in which Sendak sought to convey the spirit of Jewish religious holidays: *Good Shabbas, Everybody* (1951) and *Happy Hanukkah, Everybody* (1955). She does, however, give us some very fine examples of his illustrations for stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which Sendak sought to raise a memorial to members of his family who did not survive the great massacre of 1939-1945. "All those dead Jews in my family", he said, "those who died in Hitler's holocaust, or after lives of hardship and deprivation, had always been very close and important to me." Some observers have even detected subliminal references to the holocaust in *In the Night Kitchen*, a work which is particularly full of private references and allusions, and of which Sendak himself said that it "came from the very middle of me".

May there not be some tension, then, between the conscious Jewishness which comes out in the very vocabulary of his conversations, and Sendak's obsession with German art and literature? Selma Lanes tells us that when Doris Orgel gave him Breton's *The Tale of Gossamer, Hinkel and Gackelela* to read, "Sendak liked it immediately". Was he not disturbed by the way Breton's programmatic anti-Judaism intruded even into this charming tale? Did he read a version in which this element was eliminated? Or is there perhaps some connection between his

uneasy awareness of the anti-Jewish element in Breton's life and work, and his failure to illustrate *Gossamer, Hinkel and Gackelela* to his own satisfaction? Future biographers of Sendak will no doubt raise these questions more explicitly than Selma Lanes has felt able to do.

Another question that still needs to be answered concerns the artist's place in American popular culture. Mrs Lanes tells us much about Sendak's involvement with movies of the 1930s; an involvement which (as her distorting summary of Ted Browning's complex and disturbing *Devil Doll* would seem to suggest) she does not share. But should not an adequate assessment of Sendak's art ask how the children at the centre of his books compare — sociologically and in other ways — with the naughty boys that play so prominent a part in American popular mythology and iconography? *Where the Wild Things Are* has a boy-hero sent hungry and angry to bed by an offended parent, after which his room changes into open country and he waits out into adventures among monsters whom he tames into his service, only to be tempted back into his own room (restored to its normal shape and appearance) by the smell of hot food and cake. Is not this an exact reversal of the usual pattern of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, where the fantasy-voyage is caused by over-eating, where the threatening spaces and presences are not tamed, and where the return to normality at the end involves a relieved confrontation with a scolding

parent woken by the boy's cries for help? How does Sendak's use of Brooklyn imagery and themes compare with the robust ethnic Lower East Side humour of, say, Milt Gross's *Nice Baby*? Does not the "Sendak lion", whose intermittent presence Mrs Lanes rightly delights in, have more in common with W. W. Denslow's Cowardly Lion than her dismissive reference to L. Frank Baum would seem to suggest? Do not even Sendak's many portraits of his beloved Jennie have a good deal in common with Denslow's Toto? Here is a rich field of investigation which still awaits adequate treatment.

There are other gaps too which Selma Lanes's pioneering work leaves others to fill. What of the formative influence of Far Eastern art on Sendak, as on so many earlier illustrators of children's books? His vignette for the dedication-page of Meindert Delong's *The Wheel on the School* would seem an obvious example which is here neither illustrated nor discussed. And why are we not given a single specimen of the sepioid illustrations of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* which Sendak produced at a turning-point in his career? Copyright difficulties may be involved here; but if so, we might at least have been offered a description, together with some critical reflections on the relation between these pictures and Blake's own. Occasionally readers will feel that they would have liked more information about, and analyses of, the techniques and devices Sendak has used over the years to give his hangings their graphic form. What, for instance, is the "sophisticated process" of colour-separation which Selma Lanes mentions on page 53? And occasionally, too, one sighs for more adequate cross-referencing between text and illustrations. For example, we are told of an early note-book containing seminal important sketches of Brooklyn children — including the original "Rosie", the heroine of that favourite of all young readers of Picture Puffins, *The Sign on Rosie's Door*, as well as of the television film *Really Rosie*, starring the Nutshell Kids. We search for these sketches in vain until some excellent examples turn up, unheeded, in the margin of a later page.

The rest must be all praise. The story of Sendak's life, friendships and developing art is unfolded with informed sympathy and exemplary tact. We are told enough to understand the deeply personal nature of his art without being led to intrude unnecessarily into more private areas of the artist's life. The illustrations have clearly been chosen with loving care; they are supplemented by a well-written text which tells us some things to look for while leaving us to make many discoveries of our own. The size of each picture is always meticulously stated, as are the materials used in its production — pen and ink, wash, watercolour and so on. Particular pleasure can be derived from many juxtapositions of early sketch



Ida playing her wonder horn. A preliminary sketch for *Outside Over There* from *The Art of Maurice Sendak* reviewed here.

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and finished drawing or print. There are splendid close-ups of pictorial detail, too, enabling us to see, with unwonted clarity, such things as the nervous strokes so characteristic of Sendak's cross-hatching and shading. The publishers and the (Japanese) printers have done the book proud: colour and black-and-white illustrations are equally clear, true, and unsmudged throughout, and we find ourselves offered additional delights like the pop-up picture of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf in grandma's clothing (suggested, I would guess, by Tomi Ungerer's get-well card after Sendak's heart-attack), or the mock-up of an early version of *Wild Things* which enables us to turn over pages that are seven inches long and only three quarters of an inch wide. Here is richness indeed—page after page of visual delicacies, from the elegant and amusing silhouettes of Sendak's German period to the boldly coloured New York skyline transformed into kitchen cartons, canisters and implements, traversed by Oliver Hardy triplets to cook's regalia, and surveyed by Mickey from the aeroplane he has fashioned out of the dough into which (like Busch's Max and Moritz) he had earlier been kneaded.

Among the many rewards Selma Lanes's study offers its adult readers is a closer understanding of the relationship between text and picture in modern children's books. Sendak's work may now be seen to fall into three broad divisions: "illustrated books (1)", where the graphic artist supplies pictures for an existing text, which he may or may not have talked over with the author; "illustrated books (2)", in which the same artist supplies words and illustrations but in which

the main weight of the meaning is carried by one or other of the two elements in symbiosis (Sendak includes *Kenny's Window*, *Very Far Away*, *The Sign on Rosie's Door* and the *Nushell Library* in this category); and "picture books", defined by Selma Lanes as

a special mix of text and art, in which the pictures are vitally needed to fill in what the words leave unsaid; the words, in turn, are indispensable for moving the narrative forward during whatever time—or space—gaps exist between illustrations. In a picture book, neither text nor pictures by themselves can tell the story. They comprise an equal and totally interdependent partnership.

Into this last category go *Wild Things*, *Night Kitchen*, and the more recent *Outside Over There* which this reviewer has not yet had a chance to see. Within these broad overall divisions different sub-categories can once again be distinguished: one may, for instance, contrast "no-nonsense illustrations" depicting scenes that play a part in a literary text with "illuminations" or "interpretations". These last are well exemplified by Sendak's haunting pictures for the Grimms' tales; each picture seeks to encapsulate the psychological tensions and resolutions at the centre of the tale concerned, rather than illustrate one single incident from it.

To describe such relationships Sendak likes to use musical analogies. He compares certain illustrations to poems made into songs, where the music supplies shades, nuances, and even, on occasions, additional meanings. We find him speaking, at one point, of "setting words to pictures". At other times he compares the illustrator to a conductor interpreting a

score, or to an accompanist who supports a singer and shows him to his best advantage. He seems to have lost interest, however, in illustrations which he describes as "a kind of background music, in the right style, in tune with the words". What most attracts him nowadays, his biographer tells us, is the kind of "picture book" brilliantly exemplified by *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen*, in which text and picture are so interdependent that one is unthinkable without the other.

Sendak's work is nourished by a deep tap-root into his own childhood experience, and it shows an honesty which has not always endeared him to those who select children's book for libraries or the nursery. He recognizes and depicts the rebellious rages of childhood as well as early sexuality; his full frontal nudes of babies and young children have offended some, his acknowledgment that dogs defecate and urinate has alienated others; and there are always those who declare some of his illustrations too frightening for children. I have found that *Wild Things*, far from reinforcing children's fears, helps them to face and deal with them—Max, after all, becomes king of the wild things, is purged of his rage, and returns after an enjoyable "rumpus" to love, comfort and security in his waking experience. Some of the Grimm illustrations are indeed disturbingly strange; but they do not hold the kind of terrors that Arthur Rackham's grotesques so often inspire. Selma Lanes's study cannot but reinforce all impression unprejudiced observers will derive from any perusal of Sendak's books: of his uncompromising honesty, his personal commitment, his clear recollection of his own childhood,

his vivid imagination, all in the service of a superb visual sense as well as an ideal of craftsmanship that is all too rare in the twentieth century. "That's the wonderful thing about being an artist", we hear him say; "you can use the material of your life over and over, and always make of it something new. In that way, it's never dead for you." Or again: "I remember things other people don't recall: the sounds and feelings and images—the emotional quality—of particular moments in childhood." Out of these materials, his studies of older masters, and his total commitment to his own developing art, Sendak has fashioned works designed to help children "come to grips with the reality of their lives", face and exorcise their anger, their boredom, their fear, their jealousy, their frustration, while also opening their eyes to the many visual delights the world has to offer them.

One of the best-known early pictures for and about children comes from Blake's *The Gates of Paradise*. It shows a child setting foot on a ladder that reaches up to the moon, crying "I want! I want!" while its "parents, huddled closely together, stand wondering by. In Sendak's *Kenny's Window* (1956) we find a characteristic variant of this image: Kenny sits all alone at the foot of his bed, the blanket clinging to his pyjamas, and looks at the full moon through one of those open windows which play so prominent a part in this artist's drawings. "Do you always want what you think you want?", a written caption asks. These wondering, reflective, old-world children are Sendak's specialty; he has many pictures of them, often with closed eyes, looking upwards, or with downcast lids, happily and totally absorbed in a book. But Sendak also knows many varieties of children's play, and he shows us aggressive children that make faces, stick out their tongue, or chase the dog.

Selma Lanes points out how important a part the delights of eating play in his work, and prints his ecumenical picture, in the *Nushell Library*, of a Christmas

tree improbably decorated with that Jewish panacea, bowls of chicken soup. His is a voracious as well as skilled presentation of a gamut of experience and feelings over contented calm, wonderment, amusement, playfulness, worry, and aggression. He is, as truthful, in his way, as Blake: his text and his picture cover adult, what he knew and felt as a child. Such art can help more sensitive children to master their fears and manage their lives better than the sugared pap their unsuspecting parents so often foist on them.

To read Selma Lanes's book, and to study its illustrations, is therefore a most salutary exercise for anyone faced with the responsibility of guiding young children towards books that will help them find and accept their essential selves.

"Being defenceless", Sendak has said, "is a primary element in childhood." Books like his offer a variety of defences: that of exorcizing common fears by first raising and then allaying them, that of blinding menace with laughter and make-believe, that of make-believe which never obscures the realities of the human or animal world from which it takes off, that of the kind of vitality and joy we find in the "Rosie" books and film, that of aesthetic delight which distances fear and blends it with beauty, that of a clearly focused and intensely communicated private vision which can yet be recognized as akin to the vision of many other children in the Western world. It would be sad if these visually delightful chronicles of fantasies, the bewilderment, the suffering, the aggression, the compromises and the fun of middle-class childhood sheltered from absolute want were the only books our children had to look at; but even that would be far better than a children's library in which—by accident or design—the works of Maurice Sendak did not appear at all. Our children's world would be a poorer place without him.

— are as lovingly and tellingly described as Mary Lennox's skipping rope and seeds.

## Building a life

By Sarah Hayes

MICHELLE MAGORIAN:  
*Goodnight Mr Tom*  
Kestrel £5.50.  
0 7226 5701 3

Modern children do not have much time for the classics — the language is too florid perhaps or the action too slow for present-day tastes. With some books, however, the magic lingers on, as witnessed by the popularity of films and television versions of Frances Hodgson Burnett, Louisa Alcott, E. Nesbit and others. More than part of their success must be attributed to the bold romanticism of these authors' themes. The Victorians were not afraid of sentiment, of wish fulfilment, of coincidence and happy endings. Despite the saccharine and the didactic qualities, there was a wholeheartedness about their writing that is seldom encountered today: real life is too subtle and too uncertain.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to find a new writer tackling classic themes with honesty and enthusiasm. *Goodnight Mr Tom* combines the *Secret Garden* story of an unloved child blossoming into life with the *Heldi* motif of adult bitterness melted by a child's affection. This splendid first novel is unashamedly and gloriously sentimental and it cannot fail to be loved by readers of all ages.

Two days before the outbreak of war in 1939 Willie Beech is evacuated from the East End. He arrives off the train sewn into his overcoat for the winter, carrying a belt for punishment and a note from his mother to say he is a wicked boy. Undernourished, covered in bruises, and cowed by the enormity of his life, Willie strikes Tom Oakley as a poor specimen, quite unlike the tear-away he might have expected. Mister Tom himself is an unlikely villain — an elderly loner who has never emerged from the death of his wife in childhood. He knows nothing of children, but has enough humanity to realize that Willie's life up till now has been one dominated by terror and failure, and that he expects even worse to come.

Together Tom and Willie build up a life and a person: illiteracy, bedwetting, malnutrition, terror of other children — these are the problems Tom copes with. And the details of Willie's rebirth — the warm clothes, the paint box, the lending library, his first friend

Two classic children's pop up books have recently been published in new editions by Ernest Benn. *Trick or Treat* (£3.50, 0 510 00110 6) is a reproduction from *Nur für Brave Kinder* (1899) by Lothar Meißendorfer, artist and toy-maker and distinguished creator of moving picture books. Each picture is accompanied by appropriate verses. *The Magic Boat* (£2.95, 0 510 01044 10) by Tom Seidmann-Freud (who was the niece of Sigmund Freud and whose real name was Martha), a book full of games and stories, was first published over half a century ago.

## Walking the bounds

By Judith Elkin

DIANA WYNNE JONES:  
*The Homeward Bounders*  
Macmillan £4.95.  
0 333 30979 0

*The Homeward Bounders* is a fantasy novel with elements of science fiction, in which Diana Wynne Jones develops the idea of war gaming by playing with live characters in an infinite number of different worlds. As in her previous novels, her apparently inexhaustible imagination takes us in many moods and themes. The book contains terror, humour, adventure, everyday problems of survival and references to mythical characters.

The story begins in our own world in 1879 when thirteen-year-old Jamie stumbles unknowingly into forbidden territory and witnesses "Them" (faceless grey-clad figures) playing a mysterious game involving minute worlds, huge dice and complicated machines. This is the "Real Place" from which they control what goes on in different worlds, having

previously absorbed the reality of those worlds. The details of this are only revealed later, but Jamie has already seen too much and must be "discarded" to the "Bounds" between the worlds. There are, of course, certain rules: he may not "enter play" in any world and every time a move ends in his field of play, he will be transferred remorselessly on to another field of play. He is allowed to return home—if he can find home—and only then can he re-enter play. He has become a "Homeward Bounder". The full horror of the implications of this, is only gradually revealed to the reader, as Jamie relates his experiences in a pleasantly chatty, intimate style which subtly emphasizes his terror, loneliness and his longing for home.

Jamie passes through a hundred worlds, some welcoming others hostile, before returning home, but it is one hundred years later and he is still a thirteen-year-old. He has met numerous vividly drawn characters: Helen with the magical hand of Uguar, Joris, the demon-hunter, the mythical Titan chained endlessly to his rock, Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew and The Flying Dutchman.

## On the astral plain

By Gillian Cross

ROSEMARY HARRIS:  
*Tower of the Stars*  
Faber £5.95.  
0 571 11607 8

Fantasy has given many writers scope to deal with basic human struggles in a more direct way than realism permits. But, because of its lack of limits, it carries far greater dangers and temptations than realism ever can.

In *Tower of the Stars*, Rosemary Harris falls victim to some of the temptations. The book concludes the story, begun in *A Quest for Orion*, of the domination of Western Europe by the Free Association of Kindred States and Nations—the totalitarian Freaks. In the earlier book, the groups of teenagers who resisted the invaders in Britain and Germany met with a sizeable defeat, some of them being killed and some captured. In the sequel, the remains of the resistance rally,

drawing on the powers of Charlemagne's Crown and his Talsman, which holds a piece of the True Cross. Guided by voices from the stars, which are channelled through the psychic Alastair, they take these symbolic relics to opposite ends of a ley line, one at Glastonbury and the other in the City in the Sea, which the Freaks have built to house their slaves. Once the Talsman has been brought, through great danger, to Glastonbury, the Freaks and their man-made island collapse into ruins.

Exciting and well told though the story is, it lacks real depth. The Freaks play a more direct part in the second book than in the earlier one, but remain crudely defined enemies, their lack of solidity being epitomized by their ruling Praesidium, made up of masked members whose individual identity is irrelevant. This reduces the story to a simplistic struggle between good and evil, in which the main virtue is courage. But the forces of good are supported by the supernatural powers of the stars, while the forces of evil have only high technology to draw upon. With the scales so unevenly weighted, courage becomes less

praiseworthy and the final victory seems too easy. It is significant that, at the end of the book, time turns backwards, wiping out not only the pain and costs of the struggle, but also the development which the characters have undergone.

Nevertheless, in spite of these limitations, both books are well worth reading for the richness and diversity of the characters, from Charlie, the cheeky younger girl who carries the Talsman, to the austere Walther, leader of the German resistance, who must seem to collaborate with the Freaks. All are totally credible, and the skill with which Rosemary Harris manages a large cast of characters split into scattered groups reinforces her claim to be an important children's writer. It is, indeed, the stature of the characters which makes the soft core of the story so obvious. Without that, the book would be a competent but ultimately insignificant piece of science fantasy. Because the author has reached beyond that, for something of greater importance, she has failed and the failure is disappointing. But it is also exciting, because it suggests what she may achieve.

Sarah Hayes.

## Threats from within

ROBERT WESTALL:  
*The Scarecrows*  
Chatto and Windus £5.50.  
0 2011 2556 X

Robert Westall is an angry writer: angry with the present, with the past, with the female sex. His characters are choked with feelings he cannot express. His settings have a Hardy-esque rankness and malvolence. Anger is the Westall fuel, and in power, like that of the medieval water mill in this new book, can prove to be the cause of its destruction.

*The Scarecrows* is saved from disappearing down its own emotional vortex by two things, both recognizable Westall characteristics: a terrifyingly acute understanding of teenage boys, and the presence of a menace from the past which sets into relief the terrors of the mind.

Continuing a progression up and around the English social scale, *The Scarecrows* is set in Sunday supplement land. Simon Brown, on route to Wellington, survives, but, his last term at a horrible (but recognizable) prep school. Unaware of what he is doing, he half kills the class bully after some flesh-creeping taunting in the dorm. The Head (talking vaguely about growing up and glands, but Simon is conscious only of devils raging inside him—devils which vent their fury on his mother's new husband, a successful Scarce-type carpet-baiter. Joe is everything Simon's own father was not—crass, corrupt, fleshly, bohemian, genial, left-wing, and affectionate. But it is his mother's happiness that Simon resents even more than Joe, and his attempts at sabotaging it nearly succeed. Filled with nothing after spying on Joe and his mother's lovemaking, Simon sets up his dead father's army uniform to sit by the bed where they did "all that" (graphically described in this brooded-in book).

Now the past intrudes. A presence emerges from the old, wicked mill and takes shape in three frighteningly life-like

scarecrows which gradually make their way from the mill across the turnip field to Joe's house. Simon identifies them as participants in a pre-war tragedy of passion that ended in murder and closed the mill for ever. The events of the past are going to be re-enacted unless Simon can break the power of the mill.

The mill, at times silent and secretive in its bitter knowledge, at times pounding itself to pieces with pent-up fury, precisely expresses Simon's state of mind. Yet Westall is too good a writer to allow his imagery to intrude, or to overstate his parallels. How people talk and relate to each other, to their families and to themselves is what his work is really about.

## Captive wisdom

ANNE HOLM:  
*The Hostage*  
Translated by Patricia Crampton  
Methuen £4.50.  
0 416 88540 3

I suppose if I were one of the kidnappers in this book, I would have to describe it as "a characteristic Philistine pseudo-critique of the ideas of the liberation movement", but since I'm only a bourgeois parasite I'm free to say that I couldn't put it down. There have been a number of books about kidnapped children in recent years, but this one is unusually intelligent and free from cheap violence; it's a book a teacher might read with a third form, since there's much in it to discuss, but it's also a story that would hold any lone reader's attention.

Christopher, son of the Danish Prime Minister, is trapped by a well-intentioned idealist who wants to get Denmark out of NATO. The other members of the conspiracy are more pigoted and less humane; they take over, imprisoning the idealist's

son as a second hostage. The two boys form a reluctant and instructive partnership. The gang is eventually supplanted by ruthless international terrorists (foreigners), so we are shown the three stages of modern intolerance.

The entire book is written from Christopher's viewpoint, giving an unbroken record of his observations and actions. Sometimes his author seems to be preaching through him: force is always evil, never hate, no man is an island. "If only you could stop just for a moment, being so wonderful", grumbles his companion, and we sympathize. Even (or perhaps particularly) a Prime Minister's son is unlikely to be quite so wise at the age of thirteen. Events prove him right, nevertheless: underneath the absorbing narrative runs a steadily developed argument against left-wing fanaticism. It is not a complex argument, and the views of the opposite side are examined only in terms of their practical results, but a young reader should only gain from being faced with it.

Donna Hildred

## A difficult age

By Jennifer Moody

LOIS DUNCAN:  
*Summer of Fear*  
Hamish Hamilton £4.95.  
0 241 10544 7

KEN HORNSBY:  
*Wet Behind the Ears*  
Dobson £3.95.  
0 234 72202 9

"You're sixteen now—sweet sixteen—the age when lovely things begin to happen", muses the heroine of Lois Duncan's charming story, *Summer of Fear*. But neither she nor Jimmy, the sixteen-year-old hero of Ken Hornsby's book *Wet Behind the Ears*, find this an age at which life goes sweetly.

Miss Duncan has written a most attractive book. The plot centres around an Albuquerque family: brisk, talented, approachable, photographer mother; handsome, amiable, relaxed father; elder brother Peter; younger brother Bobby; and narrator and heroine, Rachel. Rachel is jolly, uncomplicated and happy in every way, with her family, with her girl-friend, and with her next-door-neighbour boy friend. But her mother's sister and brother-in-law are killed in a car crash, and their daughter, Julia, comes to live in Rachel's home. Except for Rachel and Rachel's dog, Trickle, everyone in the family becomes fond of Julia. Rachel's boy friend too falls headlong in love with Julia. Only Rachel finds Julia devious and calculating, and she gradually unearths her as a witch and a murderer.

The slow revelation of Julia's propensities raises this tale above inconsequential narration. With mounting urgency Rachel tries to convince her family and friends of what is happening, only to find herself dismissed, rejected and punished as jealous and resentful. Real poignancy is evoked as Rachel's love and concern for her family lead her headlong into arousing their disapproval. Miss Duncan has portrayed

trayed an innocent and trusting warmth, which makes the family's reluctance to recognize evil understandable and its existence among them the more eerie. The development of the narrative is steady, and tension is maintained admirably. Suitably baffling clues are dropped throughout and pulled together deftly in the final resolution of the mystery. Characters are rounded, believable and, with the exception of the dastardly Julia, lovable.

Very different is Mr Hornsby's staple hero, although he too is finding sixteen an uncomfortable age. He is taking stumbling steps towards his first sexual experience. It is often thought that this theme should be handled with delicacy and tenderness; however, there is the alternative view that if the subject is rushed at with all the vigour of a bull charging a torero, there will be no room or time for embarrassment. The author of *Wet Behind the Ears* has chosen the latter course. Jimmy Radcliffe tends to get red blotches when he is mortified and, poor lad, he often is. For he is exceptionally accident-prone: lavatory seats break, cars leap at him with claws stretched to their maximum, potholes deep with puddles materialize beneath his feet. And to add to his problems, he is trying to lose his virginity although he doesn't have anyone particular in mind. Such is his general degree of incompetence that when he finally manages, as the text says with uncharacteristic cynicism, "to pass out of the grey and mystifying fields of boyhood", the mind boggles at what sort of a bash he is going to make of it. However, Mr Hornsby, for once, is too kind to his hero to permit him to be consistent at this supreme moment.

It is something of a shame that in his preoccupation with Jimmy, Mr Hornsby has failed to develop the personalities of any other character. Two other boys appear in the book, but both are stereotypes: the unthinking bully and the score-counting Don Juan. Three girls too drift through the plot, but they are virtually indistinguishable: the reader shares with Jimmy, and maybe with Mr Hornsby, complete incomprehension about why they behave as they do. A cheerfully amoral tale this, with little wisdom.

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## Pictures for the very young

By Joy Chant

**JOHN HURFORD:**  
*Frederick*  
Spindlowood, £4.80.  
0 907349 00 5

**MEMI VANG OLSEN:**  
*The Fur Children*  
Collins, £2.95.  
0 191 357620 1

**ACHIM BROGER and IGISELA KALOW:**  
*The Happy Dragon*  
Methuen, £3.20.  
0 416 21030 3

**PAULINE WATSON:**  
*The Happy Coat*  
Kestrel, £3.25.  
0 7226 5723 4

**INGA MOORE:**  
*Akili's Big Swim*  
Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
0 19 554250 9

**HAZEL EDWARDS:**  
*There's a Hippopotamus on our roof eating cake*  
Hodder and Stoughton, £3.95.  
0 340 2590 6

**PETER SPILER:**  
*Nothing Like a Fresh Coat of Paint*  
World's Work, £3.95.  
0 437 76515 6

**MIRRA GINSBURG:**  
*Where Does the Sun Go at Night?*  
Illustrated by J. Aruego and J. Dewey, Julia MacRae Books, £3.75.  
0 86203 028 7

**ROBERT CROWTHER:**  
*The Most Amazing Hide-and-Seek Counting Book*  
Kestrel, £4.95.  
0 7226 5398 3

well told, with clear bright pictures; so it is hard to say why I cannot get enthusiastic. Perhaps the contrast between the mouse and the Channel is too great, too plain a play for sympathy. These are not furry mice but thin, tense rodents with large lidless eyes. Like them, the story lacks verve. I was prepared not to like *There's a Hippopotamus on our roof eating cake*, but I did. This is an engaging monologue by a small girl who comforts her sad and cross moments with thoughts of her private hippopotamus who can do as he pleases—eat cake, watch television all night, ride his bicycle anywhere: and who loves her, even when she has earned a smack from Daddy, enough to graze his knee when she grazes hers.

Peter Spiler has long been a favourite of mine. *Nothing like a fresh coat of paint* does not have the rich detail that is so absorbing a feature of many of his books, but it has his lively freshness, here put to the service of a slapstick humour that really opens the generation gap. A book to make adults writhe: and an awful warning to parents who drive away without waiting to see the baby-sitter arrive, and so deserve all they get. The judgment that falls on this is a dreadful one. The children hear their mother say that the house needs painting (outside – it is wooden) so once they have done their chores they root out cans of old cans from cellar and garage, and proceed to paint it. A minimal text, following their absorption in the work and their pleasure in contemplating their parents' delight, accompanies the pictures showing the growth of the most appalling mess you have ever seen. Half the joke is that they are such good children, so eager to help, so careful to clean up (that cat should not be allowed to lick her technicolour coat) remembering even

## Unsuspected charms

By Elaine Moss

**JILL MURPHY:**  
*Peace At Last*  
Macmillan, £2.95.  
0 333 30642 2

**PHOEBE and SELBY WORTHINGTON:**  
*Teddy Bear Baker*  
Frederick Warne, £2.95.  
0 7232 2339 4

*Teddy Bear Baker* and *Peace At Last* look strangely out of place in the plethora of sophisticated art-picture books (Bayley, Anderson), socially progressive family portraits (the van der Meers) and psychological explorations (Sendak and followers) that are typical of the 1980s scene.

What, one asks oneself, can be said about such simple, basic, unpretentious offerings? Even the youngest child will absorb the detail in the pictures, making each book his own. It is for this reason, perhaps, that neither book has received due critical attention: such comfortable, unfashionable books needed no intermediary. Perhaps it is embarrassing even to include them among the still-living internationally beamed art work? But Jill Murphy's *Peace At Last* and Phoebe

and Selby Worthington's *Teddy Bear Baker* do deserve mention, special mention. Unashamedly British, totally child-oriented, carefully written and meticulously illustrated they make a restrained bid for a return of innocence to early childhood's picture books.

*Peace At Last* tells the story of Father Bear who cannot get to sleep anywhere. "Baby Bear... was lying in bed pretending to be an aeroplane... NYAAOW... NYAAOW" Garage, kitchen, garden—all have their night noises. But with dawn comes "peace at last" – and the alarm bell Jill Murphy's large framed colour pictures of the bears are full of good old-fashioned domestic humour, and her black-and-white illustrations that mingle with the satisfying text add their own delectable touches.

The Worthingtons' *Teddy Bear Baker* (published thirty years after their classic *Teddy Bear Cookin'*) follows, rather less colourfully, their own successful pattern. A working bear, this time a baker, has shop (see picture) and a van (see picture); he bakes "bread and pies and special tarts and cakes" (see pictures). The paintings show every process of his work from making dough (THUMP THUMP THUMP) to coating pennies ("one, two, three, four, five"). Both stories quietly absorb children not in a hectic series of wild adventures but in the fascinating details of a single pursuit.



T. Bear Baker making the dough for the bread and going THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. From *Teddy Bear Baker* reviewed on this page by Elaine Moss.

## Transmogrifications

By Lucy Micklethwait

**RELME HEINK:**  
*Mr Miller and the Dog*  
Dent, £3.50.  
0 460 06057 0

**PAT HUTCHINS:**  
*The Tale of Thomas Mead*  
Bodley Head, £3.25.  
0 370 30357 1

**JOYCE and JAMES DUNBAR:**  
*Jugg*  
Scolar Press, £4.95.  
0 85967 596 3

*Mr Miller the Dog* illustrates the idea that people grow to look more and more like their pets. In this case the pet, a dog called Murphy, also increasingly resembles his owner, Mr Miller, so that by the end of the book they are virtually indistinguishable hybrids. Mr Miller, a night watchman, envies Murphy his lazy stay-at-home life, while Murphy is bored stiff and wishes he could go out and do a job like Mr Miller. After a few years they change places and in the end it is Mr Miller who fetches Murphy's slippers, chews the bone and lies curled up and content in the basket at the foot of Murphy's bed. A simple idea turned into a simple story for young children. The text is brief but sufficient; the drawings are economical and lightly coloured. To the adult reader, the tale is sinister (and there is an obvious husband-wife parallel), but to children it is just a good joke for Mr Miller and Murphy are plump, cosy and, above all, secure.

*The Tale of Thomas Mead* is also a book created around a single idea. It is a cautionary verse about a boy who refuses to learn to read. "I wish you would! I wish you would!" "Why should I? Thomas Mead replied." Failing to read a "DANGER" workmen overhead sign, Thomas walks into a ladder – the first of a series of accidents caused by his inability to read, and culminating in – his being arrested for jaywalking. "Ball me

out, Pal! Thomas cried." "When you can read" his ma replied. "Under this powerful stimulus and with the help of a splendid pair of gaolbirds in striped combinations, he quickly master the ABC, and only two pictures later the tables are turned on his parents when he is seen tucked up in bed reading *Wat and Poo*. "Thomas! Put that book away! I wish you would" his mother sighs. But Thomas sleepily replies, "Why should I?" Pat Hutchins's strong, clear and lively illustrations take up the greater part of the space and the couplets of verse, one or two per page, are satisfyingly repetitious (much of the dialogue reappears in balloons in the pictures) and run smoothly. Although some of its American terms may need to be explained, this is a book which will be most enjoyed by those who can read it for themselves.

*Jugg* is altogether more ambitious, and very much longer, being predominantly text with occasional (rather nervous) drawings. A small boy (known as Jugg) draws a jug with arms and legs and calls it Jugg. While the boy is out of the room, Jugg climbs out of the drawing book and embarks on a series of adventures around the house and garden. He meets a tooth-mug with a false grin and a taste for Public Impressions, then the evil Plunger, boss of the System (the plumbing), whose ultimate threat is that he will put his "finger on the button". Then there is an army of ferocious weeds, some greedy hot-house plants (which he kills with too much water), a team of spiders (for whom he forms a trade union), a draw full of disordered cutlery and many more. It is suggested that Jugg is searching for his own identity, but this is not a sufficiently coherent thread on which to hang the incidents in the story, and Jugg comes to no confident conclusion before he is mysteriously restored to the page of the drawing book. In so far as this is intended as a work of satire, it has several worthwhile ideas, but the social parallel is not satisfactorily sustained. In part, at least, this must be because a jug is not an easy hero to manipulate. Indeed, the only memorable character is the venomous Plunger who is depicted in the illustrations with a bulbous and delectably squishy face and no trace of a finger for his button.

## The state of the art-market

By Julia Briggs

The recession in publishing is beginning to take its toll, both of departments and of whole firms, and it might have been hoped that as a positive side-effect of this depressing situation publishers would be forced to be more selective in their choice of what to accept. The children's picture book market has, for some time, been saturated with badly-drawn, badly-written volumes, mostly selling at about four pounds each, which can be doing no possible good to anyone, least of all their young readers, who might just as well stick to such long-established favourites as *Babar* or *Orlando*. Unfortunately that is not how business works, it seems. Books must be processed in order to keep afloat and pay the bills, and the desperate need to maintain turnover has resulted in steadily falling standards. Of the books reviewed here, none rises above the average, most would have been small loss to anyone had they sunk without trace. A case in point is Bel Mooney's *Liza's Yellow Boat*. The pictures are crude and ugly, with smudgy fingermarks; the story is entirely commonplace. As a private present for a particular child it may well have been a charming gesture, but nothing about it can justify marketing it for a wider audience, as both publisher and author ought to have realized.

Best of the collection is a new edition of Oscar Wilde's *The Happy Prince*, with elegant and charmingly designed illustrations by Jean Claverie. Children often weep over this story, but for the adult reader it is too much like Andersen and, as a result, its altruistic socialism located at a convenient distance from any real

experience. I am not sure whether children care greatly for *Handel and Grief*, particularly in the authentic Grimm version in which the parents abandon their children in the woods so purposefully and persistently. An American artist, Susan Jeffers, has illustrated this tale with a series of delicately tinted, highly decorative pages and there is a strong sense of atmosphere achieved through the imaginative use of design.

These two books are from Germany and America respectively, and there has clearly been a recent tendency to buy in books from abroad as a cheaper and perhaps a more satisfactory option than commissioning them from English artists. Very different from the fantasy worlds created by Jean Claverie or Susan Jeffers are the simple, functional watercolours of the Danish artist Svend Otto S., though no less effective in their own way. *Jon's Big Day* is the story of an exciting yet quite believable adventure that occurs while the sheep are being gathered in. As a story, it makes few concessions to the fictional mode, just as its drawings make few concessions to the contemporary taste for stylization, relying on accuracy of observation instead. The changing sky and the various domestic animals in movement are impressively recorded. An example of how not to draw animals is provided by Etienne Delessert's *The Endless Party*, a version of the Noah's Ark story which seems to have been influenced by Brian Wildsmith. Unlike Wildsmith, though, Delessert has looked hard only at his animals' faces, losing interest in them below the neck. There seem to be no rules governing the illustrations beyond a commitment to incorporate as much abstract pattern as possible, and there are no rules for the story either. Most of the time the animals coexist happily and implausibly, playing games, with no necessity to eat – least of all one another.

More positively disturbing artwork is to be found in Monika Laingrubner's *Let's Make a Play*, whose pages are decorated with inharmonious combinations of scarlet, vermilion, puce and emerald green. This is a book with a good idea that has not been thoroughly thought out. A group of children prepare a play based on the Grimms' story "Blue Rose", which is related in a style suitable for young readers to adapt to dramatic form. The children proceed to allocate production tasks and roles in the play, but several of the most obvious difficulties are simply passed over in silence; for example "John and Elizabeth found planks to make a stage... it was time for the first rehearsal". Planks unfortunately do not make a stage of their own accord, and to provide a platform strong enough for several children to move around on at once is hardly the work of a moment. It is a detail that might have been better left out, if the effect of such barely fictionalized instructions is not to be merely frustrating.

Wish-fulfillment of rather a different kind is the subject of Anita Chaffer's *The Powder Box Lady*, in which Kate, having broken the lady's figurine of the title, after a dream visit to the Land of Lost and Broken, finds this object magically restored to its former undamaged condition next morning. The drawings, heavy and redolent of the 1930s, as is the interior decor, are accompanied by an exceptionally ugly type-face set out in lines that appear to be unjustified. Scarcely less unattractive is *The Would-be Witch of Williamstown* which, like *The Powder Box Lady*, is imported from Australia. The eponymous Mrs Pollywobble brings to life a repellent monster drawn by her neighbour Sam, which insists on eating small sandwiches until it occurs to Sam to rub out his drawing, a consummation devoutly to have been wished for the illustrations. These are brightly coloured, vulgar, confusingly set out, and faintly

nauseating – furred tongues and boneless fingers wriggle disturbingly towards the arbitrary circles and squares into which the pictures are broken up.

Across the Atlantic, standards of illustration are noticeably higher. James Stevenson, the prolific cartoonist, relates the story of *Howard*, a duck left behind by the others (shades of John Burningham's *Borka*?) who passes a New York winter in a derelict theatre in the company of a frog and three mice. His sketchy watercolours are evocative if somewhat slick. More to my taste are the drawings of that gifted pair Alice and Martin Provensen, though their latest book, *Walter Dean Myers's The Golden Serpent*, is unexpected in several ways. The story is set in India and has the quality of a folk-tale, but what it relates is a philanthropic if slightly pointless trick. The Provenses' illustrations underline the crowded yet harsh vision of the story, the uncompromising rocks of the gully contrasting with the whorls and arabesques of the eastern architecture. As a book it certainly attests these artists' admirable reluctance to repeat themselves, but somehow it does not quite provide sufficient opportunity for their characteristic excellences.

Errol Lloyd's *Nini on Time* is British

**BEL MOONEY:**  
*Liza's Yellow Boat*  
Quartet Books, £4.95.  
0 7043 2268 4

**OSCAR WILDE:**  
*The Happy Prince*  
Illustrated by Jean Claverie.  
University Press, £4.95.  
0 19 279750 6

**THE BROTHERS GRIMM:**  
*Handel and Grief*  
Illustrated by Susan Jeffers.  
Hamish Hamilton, £4.50.  
0 241 10531 5

**SVEND OTTO S.:**  
*Jon's Big Day*  
Translated by Joan Tate.  
Pelham Books, £3.25.  
0 19 279753 0

**ETIENNE DELESSERT:**  
*The Endless Party*  
Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
0 19 279753 0

**MONIKA LAINGRUBNER:**  
*Let's Make a Play*  
Julia MacRae Books, £3.95.  
0 86203 082 x

publication, has the wholly commendable intention of depicting the lively hustle and bustle of a mixed multicultural society, such as so many districts of London now afford, with all the variety of dress and shop design that implies. He has a quick eye for detail and an immensely warm and positive response to the urban scene – these are valuable, even exceptional, qualities among children's authors. Indeed this is the only book here discussed that concerns itself with the kind of life that the majority of its readers will actually live. Unfortunately technical skills fall him somewhat, and the numerous busy figures are drawn with an unconvincing stiffness that makes them look posed, rather than in movement as intended. The cars look like cars, but the people look like dolls. Nevertheless his heart is in the right place, which is more than one can say for the pointlessly whimsical and parochial humour of *Bruthwaite's Original Brass Band*. Here cardboard musicians characterized by identical button eyes and triangular walrus moustaches sail off into outer space, where globular monsters force them to give a cacophonous concert from which they escape by sliding down a music scale back to Earth. No wonder publishers are in such dire straits.

**ANITA CHAFFER:**  
*The Powder Box Lady*  
Oxford University Press, £4.50.  
0 19 554243 0

**PAT TRAYNOR:**  
*The Would-be Witch of Williamstown*  
Illustrated by Carol Pelham-Thorman.  
Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
0 19 554243 6

**JAMES STEVENSON:**  
*Howard*  
Victor Gollancz, 3.95.  
0 575 02918 8

**WALTER DEAN MYERS:**  
*The Golden Serpent*  
Illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen.  
Julia MacRae Books, £4.25.  
0 86203 087 0

**ERROL LLOYD:**  
*Nini on Time*  
The Bodley Head, £3.95  
0 370 0301 6

**PETER STEVENSON:**  
*Bruthwaite's Original Brass Band*  
J.M. Dent, £3.95.  
0 460 06936 x

## from The Toy-Cupboard

The balancing man  
Is a diplomat:  
On his cautious head  
Sits a balancing hat.

Beneath that hat  
I do declare  
His brains are measuring  
Every hair,

And every hair  
Is exactly split  
Into what it was  
And what was it.

His smile says Now  
But his eyes say When?  
Never argue  
With balancing men.

John Mole

## Fun & Fiction from Hutchinson

**JOSEPHINE POOLE**

**Hannah Chance**

A brilliant new novel of suspense by the author of such highly successful children's thrillers as *Touch and Go*.

A rattling good tale, written with pace and peopled with believable monsters. *Daily Telegraph*, 24.80



HUTCHINSON

**HELEN GRIFFITHS**

**Blackface Stallion**

Illustrated by Victor Arnbrus

Set in the bleak desert of northern Mexico, this is the powerful and fascinating story of a wild stallion born to be king of his own herd. Helen Griffiths has always had a particular gift for writing about animals. *Junior Bookshelf*, £4.95

Compiled by Richard Davis

**Animal Ghosts**

Chilling, curious and funny, this is a collection of ghost stories with a difference – all the ghosts are animals. £4.95



## & Andersen Press

**FULVIO TESTA & NAOMI LEWIS**

**Leaves**

Leaves is for the making of dreamers, artists and poets. Rust-rich pictures by Fulvio Testa and a wistful, romantic but never sentimental text by Naomi Lewis. *The Listener*, £3.80

**JANOSCH**

**The Big Janosch Book of Fun and Verse**

The nursery book of the season Naomi Lewis, *Observer*. This bumper anthology of stories and verse is outstanding – funny, lively, witty and original. *Guardian*, £6.90



**TONY ROSS**

**Hugo and The Ministry of Holidays**

A sequel to his highly praised *Hugo and Oddsock* and *Hugo and the Man Who Stole Colours*. His pictures are stunning, wildly funny, with a brilliance of line and colour that hold admiring attention. *Observer*, £2.98

ANDERSEN PRESS

## FABER books of the year

**A Friendship of Equals**

GINA WILSON

The author of *Corn Ravening* again explores the theme of friendship in the face of difficulties, between two girls from very different backgrounds who are determined to remain friends despite family opposition on one side and physical handicap on the other. *May*, £4.50

**Christopher Uptake**

SUSAN PRICE

Set in a world of struggling writers and double-agents, this tense drama of blackmail and espionage in Elizabethan England relates the story of a young man who is torn between issues of loyalty and betrayal, and his ideals of courage and honour against the powerful instinct of self-preservation. *April*, £4.75

**Sarah's Nest**

HARRY GILBERT

When Sarah was fourteen her mother walked out, leaving daughter and husband to fend for themselves. A new school and new friends helped Sarah to feel less bereft. And the story of an ant's nest began to absorb her conscious mind. Then came the accident – while Sarah's body lay in coma she herself was in the Nest, thinking and feeling as an ant, yet retaining enough human intelligence to recognise the fearful danger that threatened the ants with disaster. *£4.50*

**Mr Plum's Oasis**

Story and pictures by ELISA TRIMBY

Colourful pictures packed with minute detail illustrate Mr Plum's journey to the Middle East to create a garden in the desert. A sequel to *Mr Plum's Paradise*. *April*, £3.95

**The Square Gang**

BARRY MITCALFE

When Ritchie came from Australia to London, everything seemed strange, but he soon settled down in the Battersea square and made friends with the local kids. Nobody had much money but they made their own amusements, and though a murder in the neighbourhood briefly threatened racial harmony, all the gang were eager to help when troubles came to Ramon and Columbine. *June*, £4.55

**Under the North Star**

Poems by TED HUGHES

Water-colours by LEONARD BASKIN. The poems and pictures combine to evoke the landscape near the Arctic Circle, and in particular the birds and animals that live there, 'under the North Star'. *April*, £5.95





## Handing on the message

By Alan Brownjohn

JOHN L. FOSTER (Editor)  
A Second Poetry Book  
Illustrated by Paddy Mounter, Joseph Wright, Martin White and Alan Curless.  
Oxford University Press, £3.50.  
0 19 918137 3

ROGER MCGOUGH (Editor)  
Strictly Private  
Illustrated by Graham Dean.  
Kestrel, £4.95.  
0 7226 5694 7

JOHN LOVEDAY (Editor)  
Over the Bridge  
Illustrated by Michael Foreman.  
Kestrel, £4.25.  
0 7226 5742 0

The request to write something suitable for children is now the most frequent kind of commission a poet receives. Once he might have read his letter of invitation and then settled down at his typewriter in the (foolish) belief that this would be a delightfully easy task. Not any more. Poets have learnt that the constraints imposed by this sort of enterprise are severe, and chastening. How do you keep your diction and your argument lucid enough without talking down? How do you relax without descending to a creaking avuncularity of tone? How do you head Auden's stern admonition — "there are no good poems which are only for children" — while writing with an awareness that the young readers of your poem are looking over your shoulder? Sometimes the results of asking poets to write for the young are embarrassing, and the poets know they are; which may not stop these verses appearing in the anthologies,

because their authors hope that the world of "children's books" is sufficiently enclosed and unheeded not to matter. The long line of very good and fairly good poets waiting to enter heaven would be relieved by the passed-down message that writing children's poetry was "all right".

For all that, the poets are getting better at it, largely from practice. The hardest task, however, is still that of the anthologist who hopes to find or commission a set of poems appropriate to the seven-to-eleven age group which are lively, imaginative, up-to-date and good. Awful errors are committed in trying to write light verse for juniors. John Foster's anthologies for young children at least make a virtue of the dangers. Roughly one third of the very generous selection in *A Second Poetry Book* are newly written for this volume; some are weak (weaker in some cases than other inclusions by the same poet which were not done in response to a request); but an exuberant lay-out and the employment of no less than four contrasting illustrators carry the reader on rapidly past the failures to the successes.

Yet such a method, using large, eye-catching pictures which can distract attention from the slighter poems or even flatter them, seems to acknowledge that the content might not be of the best. The child-centred approach here (many poems about the frecks, frights and frustrations which adults believe children to be preoccupied with: "The gruesome ghoul, the grisly ghoul") certainly produces fewer poems of the highest imaginative quality than one might hope. Of the newly-written poems, Ted Walker's "The New Year" and Alan Bold's "The Maltreatment" are among the best; and Gregory Harrison's "Legging the Tunnel" gives Martin White admirable scope for illustration, in a book of generally vigorous and entertaining design.

You were alone  
In a pipe of stainless steel;  
Only the slip and chuckle of water on the sides

As the boatman lay  
Shouldering back  
On the cabin ramp

There is nothing wrong with this serious atmosphere; as long as it is created by poems as good, and as *diversely* serious as those this editor has collected from many distinguished poets, and tested on primary school children. *Over the Bridge* is a small triumph of enlightened commissioning, and any adult anthology would be

And walked the ceiling like a fly  
With hob-nailed boots.

If you are setting out to challenge the reader as well as to entertain, you stipulate with Auden — as John Loveday has done in *Over the Bridge* — that the poems must be "enjoyed by some young readers of ten or eleven years and yet likely to be included in books for adults". This is an astute approach for the working poet: he knows that if he can bring it off, the poem will be one he can later use in a volume for adults. The results in *Over the Bridge* are enormously encouraging, although no one is going to flick from page to page in search of casual diversion. After the cheerfulness of his coloured dust jacket Michael Foreman maintains a uniform severity of mood in his black-and-white illustrations, and the overall tone of the book is serious and mature; starting with Philip Collow's "Walking Song":

Enter the poor struggle  
Of birdsong  
Weakly cheering the dawn.

Enter the first light  
Like a feeble lamp  
Through the orange blind.

Will poets required to write in an "adult" way for children as often as not write gravely? Certainly most of the poems in John Loveday's anthology are grave in spirit, and some are alarming, but in a way quite different from the merely ghoulia. James Simmonds's wider in a ghoulia little poem, "Olive and Davy", is no cartoon grotesque:

The winter she died  
he brought sweets and sherry  
to my brother's bridge evenings  
and got mildly merry.

We hardly broached his bottle;  
but always next time  
he brought the same parcel,  
courtious and kind.

Suddenly, it seemed, he grew  
impatient for death

There is nothing wrong with this serious atmosphere; as long as it is created by poems as good, and as *diversely* serious as those this editor has collected from many distinguished poets, and tested on primary school children. *Over the Bridge* is a small triumph of enlightened commissioning, and any adult anthology would be

strengthened by poems like Vernon Scannell's "Over the Wall", or John Loveday's own "The Well", or John Forster's "The Cricket".

I ask the questions, but he is the

And all the summer's day he needs  
think  
But simply jump, a jointed tiddler,  
A perfect alpha minus in green ink.

In *Strictly Private*, Roger McGough grants a number of entirely new poems onto a broad choice from work already published, and sometimes well-known. The book is for older children, and launches a happy incoherent appeal which might deter the staid grown-up purchasers: "Keep out of this book if you like dissecting dusty old verse". They should not be deterred: it has been compiled with a fine ingenuity of selection and arrangement and its 176 pages of poems are very substantial value. Roger McGough has found poems rooted in everyday experience and flowering in the fantasy which lies just beyond the same; as in Pat Jordan's "Lauderette":

Tenderly I dried them in the cabinet  
and took them home,  
warm like new bread,  
leaving the others to watch their

slowly murdered into whiteness  
for new surgical beds.

His sense of how to juxtapose the light with the serious so as not to harm both almost infallible. Elizabeth Jennings' "Absence" ("... there came/A earthquake tremor: fountains, birds and grass/Were shaken by my thinking of your name") is followed, with no inappropriateness, by Kit Wright's "My Version":

I hear that since you left me  
Things go from bad to worse,  
That the Good Lord, quite rightly,  
Has set a signal curse

On you, your house and lover.  
(I learn, moreover, he  
Proves twice as screwed-up, selfish  
And soddier, dear, as me.)

This is a richly varied collection, and Graham Dean's drawings are a lesson in how illustration may amply assist the purpose of an anthology without being obvious or obtrusive.

## The perfect storyteller

By Anne Harvey

Eleanor Farjeon never forgot the child she once was, and never stopped enjoying the act of writing. Her final piece of work, an introduction to a selection of Edward Thomas's poems for young readers was completed the day before her eighty-fourth birthday, four months before she died. The advice she offered to would-be children's writers in the 1930s she certainly followed herself:

Don't "write down" to children; don't try to be on their level; don't think there is a special way of addressing children, a special tone they will respond to. Don't write on the still waters where the great ships have arrived; launch the best ships you can on running water. . . . Don't be afraid of words and things that you think the children can't yet grasp.

In this year of the centenary of her birth two of her collections are back in print, representing some of her most original writing. *The Little Bookroom* is her own choice from tales told over many years, and takes its title from that real bookroom of her own late Victorian childhood; "that dusty bookroom whose windows were always open, through whose panes the summer sun struck a dusty shaft where gold specks danced and shimmered, opened magic chambers for me, through which I looked out on other worlds and times than those I lived in. . . . With no formal education Eleanor and her three brothers made free of the eight thousand books in their father's library. This wealth of literature combined with a feast of imaginative play was to provide Eleanor with "that flow of ease that makes writing a delight". She passed through the early stages of journalism (indulgent essays where there became "Temples of Pan") to becoming one of our finest storytellers. She wanted her readers to believe as she did that "Each book is a magic box, which, with a touch, a child unlocks". The Little Bookroom, therefore, all that she feels about story-telling, the range of knowledge, One time from the remote tale of the kitchen maid who marries the prince in "Westwoods" to the down-to-earth

"Connemara Donkey" which tells of Danny O'Toole whose Dad came from Connemara where there were donkeys whatever tough old Albert Briggs said. My own favourite is "And I Dance Mine Own Child", the sad-sweet story of ten-year-old Griselde, and her Great Grandmother Curlew, a hundred years older, who is the great-great-great granddaughter of Thomas Dekker. A book with his writing in it is where Bella the doll sits (it props her up beautifully!) and it turns out to be worth a lot of money; so that Gramma need not go to the Almshouse and Griselde can go on singing Dekker's old song written for that other long-up Patient Grisoll. "Hush, hush, hush. . . . And I dance mine own child. . . ." This ageless book, to be appreciated on many levels won the Carnegie, Hans Anderson and Lewis Carroll awards in the 1950s.

Another reprint from 1931 makes delightful reading aloud, and children over seven will enjoy for themselves the individual pieces that make up *The Old Nurse's Storybook*. As with many of her collections Eleanor Farjeon liked a handle to hang the items on — one recalls earlier Alphabets of London, Sussex and Magic; Perkin the Pedlar; and Martin Pipkin, that inveterate tale-teller of Daisy Field and Apple Orchard. Here, she used the bedtime story but skillfully. Old Nurse tells bedtime stories to Doris, Ronald, Roland and Mary Matilda while she darts. Old Nurse has been around a bit and nursed such charges as King Neptune, the Spanish Infante "who had to be best at everything", and tiny Lipp the Lapp who was so small that his Mother couldn't find him. A strong down-to-earth humour pervades this book.

Edward Ardizzone was the illustrator who served her perfectly in both these books and with whom she is often associated. He pronounced her stories "to put it vulgarly, 'money for jam'. They almost illustrated themselves. One's pen or brush danced to her tune so easily".

Over the years many illustrators added their talents to Eleanor Farjeon's invention. The almost cartoon-like work of MacDonald, Gill set the tone for her *Nursery Rhymes of London Town*, which place-names are taken in face value. ("Clare", "Kensal", "Kensal", "Rusell") and, happily, this book is still about W. Russell Flint's

Pro-Raphaelite response to the Chaucer re-tellings (1930) suits them well, as do Helen Sewell's striking medieval figures in *Ten Saints* and the romantically naive quality of C.E. Brock's pictures for an early *Martin Pipkin in the Apple Orchard* (1932). A later version of this has the charming pastoral touch of Richard Kennedy, *Robert and John Morton Sale Illustrated* and *Pipkin in the Daisy Field* (1937) and the haunting fly-away children dance through the pages of *Cherrystones* (1942). *The Merry Bush* (1945) and *The Story Book* (1949). Clare Loughton, Peggy Fortnum and Joan Jefferson Farjeon (her brother Joe's daughter) also stand out, as well as E.R. Shapard whose clear lively drawings exactly complement *The Silver Curlew* (1953) and *The Glass Slipper* (1955).

Eleanor Farjeon's critics would be right in suggesting that at times she allowed less than her best to appear. She was not always aware of her tendency to pour out words too lightly, too sweetly, and she resisted editing. But her best is far better than one at first realizes, and when she combined her light-hearted wit with her brother Herbert's more caustic touch the result was poignant. It would please many devotees of their *Kings and Queens* to see this treasured book back on the shelves; here you can brush up on important facts like "Edward the Second's commonly reckoned/One of the feeblest of all our Kings".

When the fias of the century are down it will be asked "Given the vast range of modern children's books, is the going to last?" I think, yes, if only for the originality of her ideas, and because her huge personality is one with the writing. Comparing her to the Old Nurse, Edward Ardizzone said she was "the perfect Nurse and the perfect Poetess. Could anything be better?"

*Nursery Rhymes of London Town*, illustrated by MacDonald, Gill Duckworth, £1.95. 0 7156 0736 7

*The Little Bookroom*, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone, Oxford University Press, £2.80. 0 19 277 093 2

*The Old Nurse's Storybook*, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone, Oxford University Press, £2.25. 0 19 277 093 4

## Deeds and doings

By Brian Baumfield

*The Stupid Tiger and other tales*  
Translated from the Bengali of Upendrakishore Raychoudhuri.  
Illustrated by William Rushton  
Andre Deutsch, £4.95.  
0 233 97256 0

RUZENA WOOD:  
*The Palace of the Moon and other tales*  
from Czechoslovakia  
Illustrated by Krystyna Turska  
Andre Deutsch, £4.95.  
0 233 97206 4

Folklore and fairy tales form a substantial part of a great oral tradition. From time immemorial deeds and "doings" have been recounted, exaggerated and enhanced, always finding a new and ready audience. The value of such story-telling lies in the imaginative response it evokes, the scenes and images it produces in the mind, and the comfort of a ritual well learned.

Such stories were not necessarily designed for children. Folk tales reflect the characteristics of the land from which they originate. They may incorporate religious beliefs and ritual, ancient customs and incantations. If the basic story is a good one, it will survive. Children demand certain qualities in their reading matter — the younger they are the more direct must be the plot, the more sharply defined the characters. The demarcation lines of fact and fantasy should be clearly established — hence the time honoured

beginning and ending of the fairytale: "Once upon a time . . . and they all lived happily ever after."

The two genres — folk and fair — can, then, be fundamentally different in structure and treatment, and nowhere more than in these two books. The former normally have minimal plots, and are usually told by servants, often with limited vocabulary. They incorporate the beliefs and traditions of a particular culture and environment, and whilst basically simple, can have an underlying moral, or cynical lesson which may be lost on a young child.

*The Stupid Tiger and other Tales* has been translated by William Radice from the original Bengali. He is scholarly, and in his retelling of these tales shows some of the richness of the literature, which presents a very different picture from our European pattern. The stories are all about animals endowed with human characteristics so the perennially cunning jackal bamboozles the stupid tiger and in her turn the wise old woman outwits the jackal. . . . Always the wily defeat the strong and the bully gets his comeuppance. In West Bengal the original stories are as much classics in their own right as Aesop's fables are to Western readers — simple, concise and with an easily recognizable moral.

The language of the stories is, on the whole, straightforward (although yams, Brahmins, and brinjal plants are not so easily understood). They are nearly all very short — a fact which may commend them to the storyteller. (It is rather more difficult to decide to which age group they would most appeal). Stupidity and cunning are not as easily identifiable as

good and evil; there is no certainty that all will end happily, or that the ends will be neatly tied — some of the conclusions are enigmatic. Older children might appreciate the humour, but look for more substance. There is an obvious ethnic link, with consequent appeal. Perhaps, above all, they need to be told in order to be more meaningful.

*The Palace of the Moon* is an attractive and interesting addition to the store of fairytales. The twelve stories in this book are translated from the Czech originals, but the themes are those familiar to children nurtured on the time honoured chronicles of Europe. The prince invariably marries his princess and both live happily ever after. The proud are put down, and the wicked are punished. A noticeable feature is that whilst evil-doers do not triumph, the cunning or the stupid are treated either with compassion, as in "The Cobbler and the Devil", or with humour as in "The Cat, the Cock and the Scythe". In fact, these are gentle stories, having nothing of horror, but sufficient invention of plot to keep a child by turn interested, alert and amused. The tales are of variable length, and range from the romantic to the humorous. The author offers a guide to the pronunciation of Czech names, and, indeed, these should present no problem for reading aloud. They are told in simple prose that lacks any awkwardness of translation. Despite the universality of the themes, the treatment accorded is original and different: a notable collection.

Both books are well produced with strong, clear black and white illustrations. In Ruzena Wood's book these are by Krystyna Turska, and in that by William Radice, they are by William Rushton.

## Gold fever

By Cara Chanteau

PAUL BIEGEL:  
*The Curse of the Werewolf*  
Translated by Patricia Crampton  
Illustrated by Frank Rogers  
Bleak, £5.25.  
0 216 90992 9

There is nothing quite like a hoard of magic gold to get a good fairytale under way; and when a whole trunk load of it is deposited at Dr Crook's laboratory accompanied by a mysterious plea for help from the Duke Wildwolf, who claims to be suffering from gold fever, there is no doubt that there is a promising story in the making. Dr Crook, the impatient seeker after knowledge, determined on a scientific explanation for everything, sets out on his mission of mercy with his enthusiastic servant, who is named with Bunyan-like clarity "Valet", and is a sort of cross between Sencho Panza and Papageno. Their steps are constantly dogged by a pair of incompetent but committed robbers: Onk and Bonk, enticed by the treasure Valet is carrying. Onk is the brains of the outfit, and Bonk, as one might guess, comes in for a lot of blows dealt him by fate — and by Onk.

It proves a most eventful journey. But arriving at last they discover themselves to be two hundred years too late, and the castle in ruins. Legend relates that the embittered, misshapen Duke Wildwolf has sold his soul to his ancestor to learn the secret of making gold, and revenge himself on his two perfectly formed brothers. His chance of release occurs every thirteen years when the castle is restored to its former glory. He must then confront his brothers with his gold in order to be free of the curse. The cycle has come round as Dr Crook arrives; and the story enters a phantasmagorical, hallucinatory phase set against the two brothers' wild carousel upstairs and the Duke's shifting world of gold beneath. At the nub of it all, of course, is the Duke with a bad dose of lycanthropy. In curing him, Dr Crook suf-

fers Faust's dilemma, but as this is a fairy tale, he triumphs and finds his own heart. Paul Biegel's *The Curse of the Werewolf* has a strong story line using time-honoured features with a judicious mix of the suitably sinister and downright comic, such as when Valet in an excess of zeal emulates the doctor's skill using a chair leg as a splint for the hapless Bonk's leg, ingeniously offering both support and comfort but not, alas, tailored to a quick getaway. The shaded pencil drawings by Frank Rogers recall a milder Mervyn Peake.

There are, however, uneasy anachronisms and inappropriatenesses of language, though the latter may be imputed to the translator. It seems strange that the doctor should "disinfect" wounds and subject a revived maiden to a very sophisticated investigation of symptoms, that the lovely maiden herself should be given to uttering "heckles", or that the brother's "love much have you got on board?" be followed in the next breath by a "mishmish". But it should certainly prove a most enjoyable book, even to those of seven to eleven who do not immediately recognize the course, is the Duke with a bad dose of lycanthropy. In curing him, Dr Crook suf-

## Laying it on the line

By Mary Furness

ANN RUFFELL:  
*Pyramid Power*  
Julian MacRae Books, £5.25.  
0 86203 038 2

The trouble begins when Martin sends off for a polystyrene pyramid which is supposed to sharpen razor blades and turn grapes into raisins. Mum is angry at his extravagance — Martin is always sending off for things. The day it arrives it falls out of his satchel on his way to school and Bill Owens, the nasty Grandpa has a new hobby. Lay lines (Gran bully, reads on it. Martin makes a subtle cardboard model, and the instruction sheet, more, according to the instruction sheet. Almost immediately strange things start happening — a high-pitched hum, which could be Martin's record-player overheating, or the TV set left on. . . or the washing machine. His room, which is always a mess anyway (another bone of contention with Mum, this) seems to get even messier. Papers are strewn all over the floor; they seem to be in diagonal lines and the angles of the pyramid at their centre. . . . It must be draughts. But although he seals the door and the windows with Greg's Dad's draught-excluder and tidies up his room, it happens again. . . . and again. Sometimes the papers are all piled on top of the pyramid as though it has sucked them towards it, and pages with measurements seem to have been torn out of his school-

books. Martin has strange dreams almost nightly where he is driving a car through threatening streets lined with faceless office blocks. He sees a way out in the distance but can never get to it.

Meanwhile, life goes on; tables are laid, washing up done, endless cups of tea and coffee made and drunk. Each one of these operations involves Martin and Mum in a blabbering scrap every time it is performed. Mum has a boyfriend, George, with strange evil eyes and a powerful car. Martin hates him. Gran and Grandpa are due to come and stay. Martin really must tidy up his room. In fact, Mum (Of course, when he does, the pyramid gets out of its old riddle and drags all the papers round it again.) Grandpa has a new hobby. Lay lines (Gran bully, reads on it. Martin makes a subtle cardboard model, and the instruction sheet, more, according to the instruction sheet. Almost immediately strange things start happening — a high-pitched hum, which could be Martin's record-player overheating, or the TV set left on. . . or the washing machine. His room, which is always a mess anyway (another bone of contention with Mum, this) seems to get even messier. Papers are strewn all over the floor; they seem to be in diagonal lines and the angles of the pyramid at their centre. . . . It must be draughts. But although he seals the door and the windows with Greg's Dad's draught-excluder and tidies up his room, it happens again. . . . and again. Sometimes the papers are all piled on top of the pyramid as though it has sucked them towards it, and pages with measurements seem to have been torn out of his school-

*Pyramid Power* is not a gripping tale; there is no suspense and the angles of the pyramids are almost as repetitive (and hardly more interesting) as the cups of tea. In the end, of course, after what is supposed to be a journey of fear and excitement, everything turns out all right. (Just as it does to the eleven-year-old Martin, who goes to the cinema with him. George loses that evil look in his eyes) thanks to Martin's realising the temptation to use the pyramid power for evil ends.

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# Former magic

By Ruth Harris

JAMES STEPHENS:  
the *Crock of Gold*  
Illustrated by Thomas Mackenzie  
Macmillan, £7.95.  
0 333 30807 7

E. NESBIT  
The *Magic World*  
Illustrated by H. R. Millar and Spencer  
Pryor, £3.95.  
0 333 30783 6

We all enjoy E. Nesbit but does anyone now read James Stephens? The *Magic World* is a collection of short stories, a minor work but still a treat while *The Crock of Gold* is important not only in itself but because it is essential to an understanding of the Celtic Renaissance.

Both books were first published in 1912 and have now been reissued by Macmillan in their Facsimile Classics series with illustrations by contemporary artists.

E. Nesbit's is bread-and-butter magic. In "The Cathead of Maurice", which is perhaps the best of these stories, the plot is simple: you say the right word and you stay a cat until somebody says "Please become Maurice again". Maurice becomes Maurice and because "otherwise" bad Hugh becomes Maurice and is sent off to Mr Strongtharm's school. It is all

perfectly logical and, once you accept the magic, the world is the world as we know it. The situation is fantastic but it has to be resolved by human ingenuity. If you were a cat and could only mew and purr, how would you get the message over? Maurice's spelling it out first with milk on the linoleum and then with ink in the schoolroom but the paw is clumsy than the pen and nobody believes that a cat can write. This is the formula that works so well in *The Phoenix and the Carpet* and *Five Children and It*, and it is the fact that the magic happens in an ordinary world that makes us believe in it. The children in the illustrations: the boys in school caps and knickerbockers, the girls with their sailor collars, come from the schoolroom that we can almost remember and the expedition to Atlantis has the proper sepia look of Matania in the *Illustrated London News*.

If E. Nesbit refers to a purpose magic, a single element in an everyday world, for James Stephens it is the world itself that is enchanted and "it might have been the childhood of the world as it was of the morning". The thin women of Inis Margraha has relatives in every fairy flat in Ireland, her children play leap-frog with a leprechaun and Caitlin, "the most beautiful girl in the world" is seduced by Pan. There is no specific key to fairyland because we are already there. The old gods live in the high places, the Shers in the hollow hills and the leprechauns underground among the tree roots. The story

begins in a lonely cottage in the pine-woods when two philosophers can hear each other thinking and ends in a splendid carnival which seems to be a protest march against the Intellect of Man. This may be the world of A.E.'s paint-dark pictures, where fairies dance by moonlight on the sands—a proper moonshine world. But it is when the children notice the way that the leprechaun hops and waggles his leg that it comes to life. James Stephens was nearly as small as a leprechaun himself and he knows about leprechauns, whereas he only imagines Pan and Angus Og, Greek gods need the sharp sunlight of Hellas and this pan seems like a Celtic Twilight version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It does not quite succeed. When Stephens writes about the Three Absolutes and Male Thought and Female Thought it is Dublin conversation and the hand reaches out for the glass, but when the philosopher for the first time in his life really sees the bird, it could be Keats and the sparrow. Perhaps the most marvellous passage in the whole book is a soliloquy by an old woman who won't shake the stones out of her boots because "there are so many holes in the boots that more would get in before I could take two steps and an old woman can't always be fidgeting, God help her".

One can appreciate why this book has been important to so many people. *The Magic World* is an enjoyable read but *The Crock of Gold* is an adventure.

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## commentary

### The Good Prize Guide

By Hugo Williams

Coalminer's Daughter  
Various cinemas

Like *The Deerhunter*, *Coalminer's Daughter* takes its gritty terminology from a particular closed community. Instead of hearty Poles tending steel furnaces in St Louis and doing brute mid-European things at weddings, we have four Anglo-Saxons dynamiting coal among the mist-shrouded pines of a Kentucky mining valley. There's the same sense of people bound by the values of hard work in a man's world, the same dominating image of the mill. But this is the 1940s, not the 60s. There is no future down the mine and no birth control in the freezing log cabins. It's a dead-end valley that this ex-serviceman (Tommy Lee Jones) returns to with his jeep and his bad language. Everyone gathers round him as he accepts a bet that he can't drive up the near-vertical slag-heap. Well, we all know what that stands for. He wins, of course. Then he sees Loretta. He has sharp eyes. As a fourteen-year-old urchin, Sissy Spock is no soldier's pin-up. Her shadowy, autumnal beauty is something new to Hollywood. She's a Cinderella, the perfect casting for this true fairy story of Loretta Lynn, Country singer.

It's a whirlwind affair, filmed with passion and poetry. "What you doing?" she asks as Doolittle Lynn delivers her home. "I'm kissing you goodnight. You ever been kissed before?" — and he leans forward to kiss her without embracing, ever since Garbo thought of it for Camille the most tenderly erotic gesture. Loretta's next-door neighbour — what looks like a heartless shoving from Levon Helm — agrees to the match with the air of a man choosing between garbage and the knife. "You were my shining pride!" he tells his little girl. "I've been cheated out of six years." Lying in bed with his wife — the only place the headstrong Doolittle can catch them together — he makes Doo promise never to hit her or take her far from

home. Doo can't keep either promise. "In Kentucky you has a choice," says the owner of a hillside still offering him a partnership. "Coalmine, moonshine or move on down the line." (I remember seeing an Irish newsreel with subtitles for its American audience. The Kentucky twang is tougher, but then we are the col-



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  
(*Shakespeare in Modern Costume*)  
SHAKESPEARE: "BULLO, OLD THING! WHAT'S THE IDEA?"  
MR. DICKSON SHAW: "WELL, AS YOU'RE DRESSING LIKE THAT, I THOUGHT I'D LUDWIG LIKE THIS."  
From the Shaw exhibition at the National Theatre, which will be reviewed in "Commentary" in a forthcoming issue

### Ways of seeing

By Mary Frazer

Model  
Electric Cinema, Portobello Rd

There is a film within a film in *Model* — a documentary being made for TV. A male model gives due consideration to a question posed by an unseen interviewer: "Yes, I do enjoy being looked at." Another takes a shower in his Y-fronts. Both say they would

appear in the nude "if it was tastefully done". We learn what a successful model earns and how short a time a less successful one is likely to survive. A girl who is five feet six and a half inches is told, very nicely, that no one under five feet seven really has a chance.

All Frederick Wiseman's films — being shown in a retrospective at the Electric Cinema — have had as their subject a particular aspect of American society: an organization, a profession or an occupation. *Model* observes the world of fashion in all its aspects, agencies, photographers, commercials, techniques. Here as elsewhere Wiseman aims not to present a point of view but to show his subject as it is (or as it appears to be). He shoots about thirty times as much film as he actually likes — the subjects are supposed to become so used to being filmed that they cease to notice it. Certainly nobody in *Model* shows the slightest awareness of the camera.

This absence of a point of view makes the film more, not less, interesting: we have all the fascination of looking into another world and none of the annoyance of being told what to think about it. Nevertheless an attitude emerges: one in which, somewhat surprisingly, everybody involved comes out quite well. The models and photographers are highly professional and treat each other with respect and patience.

If Wiseman's aim is to render the camera as much like the human eye as possible (a view across a street into a shop window, for instance, is obliterated by a passing trolley), his camera, like the eye, is not merely passive. It has the power to focus on something particularly to observe it and to be the means of our intelligence about it. And perhaps because how close film can come to the "truth" has always been one of Wiseman's concerns, *Model* is as much about methods of photography and filming which are, in varying degrees, in contrast to his own, as it is about the world of models.

### Redundancy movie

By T. J. Binyon

Loophole  
Various Cinemas

Whenever the hero of a film, referring as it might be to the building of Boulder Dam, to the discovery that the world has been taken over by aliens, or to a terminal case of teenage love, remarks "This thing is bigger than both of us" (a variant prized by collectors is "bigger than the both of us"), one knows that one would have been better off staying at home and getting on with the *pen-pal* thing. Equally indicative, if less beautiful in itself, is the phrase: "I need time to think things out", with which characters shattered by a caprice of fate reject consolation, whether in the shape of a drink, a loan, marriage, or a share in the fastest-growing ivory stable business west of the Texas. And when architect Stephen Booker (Martin Sheen) comes up with the platitudes not five minutes into *Loophole*, the writing is on the wall. Or rather, since the writing's been on the wall for about four minutes and fifty-five seconds already, it just adds a touch of luminescent paint to the letters.

Stephen's trouble is that his firm has gone bankrupt: he has lost his job; his bank-manager (played by Robert Morley with the surges of someone exorcising a nightmare about his own bank-manager) is cutting up rough about his overdraw — a measly £35,000; he wouldn't dream of selling his house ("we built it with our own hands"), even less his BMW; to consider taking the children away from their private schools is impossible, with Matthew keeping watch for the Junior XI; while his wife Dinah (Susanah York) wants to fulfil herself by opening a boutique and needs ten grand to put into it. In short, a situation

four children to notice his wife can sing, but when he does he is so atouch at prompting her and their climb to fame round the radio stations in an old chevy is the last original thing about the story.

There is a whole philosophy of life in the treatment of children in the cinema. Cowed, demanding, bossy or crazed, they say something about the director's private intentions for his film. Loretta's four adorable and quiet in the recording studio as she sings her first hit to them. And the nearest story gets to the traditional music-world car-crash or drugs overdose is headaches. Loretta does break down in public, but this too is Country, we feel; nothing more or less than proper for a good American girl, who, as she explains in her protracted speech, has been so busy in her married life, having babies and making records, she's had no time for living. *Coalminer's Daughter* is a ballad that comes out right, the subject singing the hit of her own life-story for an ending.

Filed from Loretta Lynn's autobiography, the first half is full of the odd corners of personal recollection and fine, but as soon as the story moves into the public domain the necessary clichés seem, as in *The Buddy Holly Story*, to drain the director's energy. It must be a comfort to every struggling beginner to see it proposed so often in films how everyone is a nobody in his own way but that success is always the same.

Seven Academy awards seems an awful lot of crossed knives and forks for this harmless snack. On the other hand, why so few? Why not one for best sound on pine branches, vaguest-looking extra, most natural horse? Seeing so many workaday American movies loaded down with disingenuous testimonials reminds me of my poster of the ex-King of Nepal. He's posing in a contemporary setting, decked in outside Western-style coronation regalia, an apologetic expression on his ordinary features. From under his voluminous satin train a stuffed tiger's head appears to be roaring with laughter.

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# Herbert List and the Children of the Sun

By Stephen Spender

This essay is the introduction to *Herbert List Photographs 1930-1970* with text by Gunter Metken and 92 illustrations in duotone, published by Thames and Hudson at £12.50 on March 30.

I first met Herbert List in Hamburg in 1929. Herbert was at that time the centre of a group of friends who represented for me all that was fresh, most open-minded, most consciously new about the new Germany. They were the Children of the Sun. To them, far more important than politics, business, self-promotion, was "life". "Life" consisted of friendship, free love, the cultivation of their own bodies, nature and the sun. In Hamburg there were a good many people who shared the same values. Their weakness perhaps was that they did not understand that at some point in history these values would be swept away, and they together with them unless they had a strong will to self-preservation.

This they lacked. At the beach or swimming baths, the aristocrats among these beautiful people were those with the brownest bodies. Naked, or almost so, they were a classless society. I think it is important to realize that Herbert List's photography begins from this admiration of the classically beautiful nude — particularly the male body — and that this always remains his ideal. The very beautiful photographs of Greece (some of which he had already taken when I first knew him) are analogies for the bodies in Greek sculpture of antiquity. Greece today remains haunted by this athletic ideal.

Dresses and indoors, however, these friends did have distinctions between those who were better off and the poor. The better-off lived in houses of rather expensively designed simplicity which, wherever possible, opened out to the sea or a northern landscape of lakes and pines and dunes. Herbert's wealthier friends lived in houses with flat roofs and balconies, model homes with furniture, cooking utensils, lighting equipment which are all parts of a single vision of beautifully simple pleasures. The style of the occupants was such that often they looked as though they had been designed and dressed by a team at the Bauhaus at Dessau to go with the house and the landscape.

As a young Englishman who had just left Oxford University, I was immensely liberated by the newness of these young Germans. This was the time of the Weimar Republic. Looking back now, it seems impossible not to think that I was completely deluded in supposing that tolerance, unobtrusive, modern architecture, functional furniture, songs from *Die Dreizehnen* and *Morgens um sechs* of Brecht and Weill, the Bauhaus, Expressionist painting and the works of Paul Klee represented anything that had incorporated in it the political will to survive. And yet, when a few years ago I went to Berlin and saw the dozen or so exhibitions of art, architecture, theatre and photography of people's lives after 1918 and up to 1933, I felt again the influence of an enormously vital period of history. My friend W. H. Auden, who went to Berlin in 1929, expressed the German spirit of the period in his poem *On the New German*.

Look at him as a young man, a change of heart. The change of heart was not unexpressed as about the new Germany. It was a psychological as well as an architectural change.

Herbert quickly became for me the incarnation of the new Germany of the Children of the Sun. He lived not in a flat-roofed house, but in a lake or on the beach, but on the top floor of a large modern block of flats. His apartment was of the kind one associates with studios in large rooms with two alcoves leading from it in which mattresses were spread. It was furnished in the Bauhaus style with metal or plywood furniture, glass-topped tables, and lighting from lamps of tubular or ground glass.

His friends often met here for parties.

They filled the room, standing in the main part of it, looking out of the windows at the extensive view of the city; or they drifted into the alcoves and reclined on the mattresses. To me, who then spoke no German, these young people were like interweaving figures in a dance. They were characterized by a pervasive sexuality, a kind of aura which shone from their bodies, absorbed from the sun bronzing their athletic nakedness, something one felt about them whether they were dressed or undressed. I was conscious of the fact that they lived in a world in which they seemed to reflect each other's grace and ease: a world to which I did not myself belong, being an over-tall, round-shouldered, self-absorbed intellectual. Herbert was very kind to me. He seemed slightly contemptuous of the fact that physically I was an outsider, but fascinated by the fact that intellectually I did not belong to the world of his friends. I was even more fascinated by him.

Whenever I think of Herbert's studio, one scene comes back to me of a party at which he showed a film of himself and his friends on outings together. His friends sat on the floor or lay on mattresses watching the film: shouting and laughing at themselves — the same people — skiing down mountain slopes, and sometimes falling. The scene changes, to sequences of them on board a yacht, under a blazing sky. Iron shadows lay on the deck and Herbert leaned on railings as he stared out to sea with intent features. His face was motionless at first, then wrinkled to a smile when he turned it towards the camera, and consequently into the room where the same friends lay around the studio watching themselves and him.

This was a mirror world. Herbert belonged to it but at the same time stood above it. What struck one about his friends, the beautiful people, was that they were soft and malleable. One therefore was not altogether surprised when their presence and influence seemed to disappear with the rise of Hitler's Germany. But to Herbert, the values of the Greek or Renaissance figure, of a life largely spent in travelling through the world seeking after strange and beautiful impressions, and recording and perpetuating them, were of supreme importance.

He was the dominating figure of his circle. He was striking looking, with black hair and jet black eyes, a nose with flared nostrils, full lips. I have often seen his mother's side of the family there with his Brazilian blood. One would not have been surprised to find that he had some ancestor who was an Aztec Indian. Herbert had an almost aloof glance, tempered by an expression of humour. It was as though he clung apprehensively from a distance, and often with a faint amusement, the person or object he was looking at. He was not without a touch of arrogance and was extremely assured in his opinions.

Herbert had a job in his family firm of coffee importers and he seemed to be competent at this, though he rarely spoke of it. His real life began when he left the office and was with his friends, swimming, sunbathing or going on excursions for weekends. When I was at Hamburg I made notes of remarks he made, with the intention of making him a character (called Joachim) in a novel, which I was trying to write. In an early scene I asked him whether he read the books which he had in his apartment. He answered: "No, I don't read so much. After my day's work I go to bed with Willy (a friend of his called Willy Lenz) or some other friends. Then for the weekends I go away to the lake or on the beach, but on the top floor of a large modern block of flats. His apartment was of the kind one associates with studios in large rooms with two alcoves leading from it in which mattresses were spread. It was furnished in the Bauhaus style with metal or plywood furniture, glass-topped tables, and lighting from lamps of tubular or ground glass.

Herbert quickly became for me the incarnation of the new Germany of the Children of the Sun. He lived not in a flat-roofed house, but in a lake or on the beach, but on the top floor of a large modern block of flats. His apartment was of the kind one associates with studios in large rooms with two alcoves leading from it in which mattresses were spread. It was furnished in the Bauhaus style with metal or plywood furniture, glass-topped tables, and lighting from lamps of tubular or ground glass.

His friends often met here for parties.

But then there comes another and everyone feels his presence. You look at him and you feel he is alive, keen. Then someone else comes in and you feel he is ashamed: his shame reaches out and draws you into it like one of those things that suck dust from carpets.

Herbert had this way of projecting his own consciousness into that of other people. This throws light on his portraits. He had to see the sitter at the centre of his own drama; but for the portrait to be good this had to happen as the result of a kind of enthusiastic amusement provoked in him by the subject. This produced the best results when the entertainment was spontaneous, not when he had to place the sitter at the centre of a drama which he had thought up. Although he attained great success as a professional photographer, for the best results Herbert had to bring to his photographs the spirit of an amateur who was also very accomplished, and when he did this he was at his best. Some of his posed photographs come off as well as those taken for his own entertainment, because he was inspired by the subject of the assignment as much as he would have been had he met the person without it. An example of this is the excellent portrait of the painter Morandi: Herbert is amused at once by the dissimilarity and some mysterious connection between Morandi and the bottles which he loved to paint.

In these early days Herbert would stroll along the beach and, noticing some boy, he would say: "Isn't he wonderful and doesn't he know it!" expecting the boy, who was pretending not to notice, to turn his head and look after us when we had passed.

He liked unexpressed, almost wordless, communication: he told me how he loved to go out on an excursion with a friend without their having to talk to one another: "We don't have to discuss things, but all the time we are companions, doing the same thing together, sharing the same experience. It is much more than if we had talked about books together or exchanged ideas."

On the whole, then, the young Herbert List was anti-intellectual, although he admired and was influenced by the drawings of Picasso, the work of Jean Cocteau and the Surrealists. But it was the images these artists produced that influenced him rather than discussion of their work by art critics.

In my notes of 1929 I remarked that Herbert had travelled a great deal and that his photographs were an autobiography of his experiences of places and people. His inner drama, expressed in his photographs, influenced my own way of seeing them. A quarter of a century later when I went to Chicago, I looked for the scene of trees on the lake shore, a foreground to the background of skyscrapers with surfaces reflecting light as though they were made of silk, which I had first seen in a photograph in Herbert's studio. And in May 1945 when, as a member of the British occupying forces, I drove through Cologne and saw broken sections of bridges collapsed into the Rhine like steel or stone or concrete platforms sinking there, it was the memory of a photograph of the cathedral seen from across

"Pins and Needles" in the winter of 1937-38, the International Garment Workers Union staged off Broadway a revue called *Pins and Needles*. Could anyone apply the words of the lyric "Sing Me a Song of Social Significance" to Arthur Calder-Marshall, 12 Richmond Bridge Mansions, W10 6RH, who was in London, Middlesex TW1 2QS.

Danish Gabriel Rasmussen's "The House of Life" is a critical edition of the edition of this poem in the final pre-publication stage; if there is anyone with whom I have not already been in contact who possesses a manuscript or proof version of any "House of Life" sonnet, please contact me.

Roger C. Lewis, Department of English, Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia B0P 1X0.



This portrait by Herbert List of W.H. Auden in 1933 is taken from his collection of his photographs discussed here.

the Rhine, a silhouette which had the simplicity and beauty of some elaborated piece of machinery such as the inside of a beautifully wrought old clock or watch, with which I compared this heart-rending destruction.

I don't think that Herbert cared much either for the post-war world or for his profession as a photographer. When I asked him what new architecture, perhaps comparable with that which had been put up in the twenties, was of interest in post war Germany, he merely shrugged and said "Nothing". His photographs of the destruction of Hitlerian architecture lying among the ruins, show a profound irony, a bitter twist to the sense of amusement which was present in his early work. Like many good photographers he distrusted the medium of photography itself: feeling that if it was an art, it was one in which the photographer became enclosed within the limits of his own technique after he had explored them to a certain extent. It seemed right that after the war, as well as resuming his travels, he should have become a connoisseur of drawings which he found in antique shops. He prided himself on never buying anything costing more than some minimal sum; and yet those placid black eyes of his searched out from masses of neglected folios a rare collection of finds.

To me, Herbert will always be as I first knew him in Hamburg. I think particularly of a photograph of a young man seen at the edge of a lake, coming out of the water. The picture is taken slightly from below, so that the youth seems to tower like Michelangelo's statue of David against a dome of light, his head shadowed in mass of curls like feathers. In another photograph the same friend is photographed against the water and under the shadows of a tree in a pose faintly reminiscent of Saurat's sketches of figures

## Information please

*John Lucas Tupper* (1821-1879), a minor Pre-Raphaelite poet and sculptor, later drawing-master at Rugby School: any letters, manuscripts, documents (other than those in the public domain): or information about/for his family, for a biography (PhD dissertation), S. Kapoor, Churchill College, Flat 42, Cambridge CB3 0DS.

*Francis White*, active as cartographer in Yorkshire c.1780-90; his badly mutilated diary is in York City Archives, and his 1785 map of the Ainsty is kept in York City Library: any more information about him, and help in tracing his townships plans of the Ainsty upon which his 1785 map was based: P. Newman, Department of History, University College of North Wales, Bangor, Gwynedd LL57 2DG.

*Patricia Meyer* and *Brigitte Hall*, 4 Higher Trevelar, Truro, Cornwall.

## 'Lanark'

Sir,—Rose Arnold's letter (March 13) about my review of Alasdair Gray's *Lanark* takes issue with my so-called identification of Gray's imaginary city of Provann with Edinburgh. In fact any such identification is tenuous (the words I used were "may resemble") and is based not on geographical location but on a type or category of city—in short, one that corresponds with the general ideas people hold, rightly or wrongly, about the differences between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Moreover, this is not simply some whim of mine: the authority for it comes from no less a person than the author himself in his "epilogue" where he addresses the hero of his novel:

You have come here from my city of destruction, which is *rather like* Glasgow, to plead before some sort of world parliament in an ideal city based on Edinburgh...

(my italics, *Lanark*, page 483)

Finally, I do not "deny the interest of the Glaswegian theme". I think I made it clear in my review that the central naturalistic books of the novel are an affectionate and vivid portrait of the city. But Gray's fantastic conceptions of Lanark and Provann indubitably move beyond the purely referential—as his remarks above testify—and to read *Lanark* "throughout" as a "loving analysis" of Glasgow is seriously to limit and confine the effects and resonances of the novel: rather like reading *Ulysses* solely for what it can tell you about Dublin.

WILLIAM BOYD,  
4 Moreton Road, Oxford.

## Books and Publishers

Sir,—I am sorry Nigel Cross (March 6) found himself unwilling or unable to address the principal arguments and findings of my book on post-war British publishing, since the crisis they reveal affects all of us, readers and writers alike.

Despite the impression conveyed by Mr Cross's remarks on nineteenth-century publishing occupy less than two pages. When his own research appears I may have to call to modify my views, though I rather doubt if he continues to restrict himself to exceptional figures and to ignore the book trade as a whole. Where the past twenty-five years of the present century are concerned Mr Cross has missed the point completely. As I explicitly indicate, the traditional publisher and the modern publisher do not represent actual groups of persons: on the contrary they are part of the same of publishers' ideology. Furthermore, those observations are just part of a more recent ranging analysis of the impact of recent structural changes in publishing which have been small, intimate, informal and — above all — editor-centred houses absorbed by large, transnational, multi-media conglomerates. From the editor's point of view this has meant drastic changes in his higher role and commitments. Admiration and managerial functions have replaced cultural and intellectual ones. Editors today spend far more time drafting memoranda or sitting in committee meetings than they do reading books and manuscripts or discussing work with authors. Their employers expect and constrain them to give their allegiance to balance sheets and business rationality rather than to literature or scholarship. Moreover, by virtue of a variety of factors which I discuss in my book, British publishing has been peculiarly susceptible to these pressures and poorly adapted to resisting, modifying or evading them. I question whether it is commonplace to observe that the established pattern of publishing has undergone a radical transformation, and that this has involved the subordination of the cultural to the commercial.

Mr Cross's own observations are ill-considered or inaccurate rather than comprehensive. He is evidently dubious about the book's data base. Had he consulted the footnotes he would have seen when, how and why I cite my 1966 fieldwork. With more care he would have seen that I had interviewed at that time some five per cent of publishing managers (an acceptable sampling procedure) and with more knowledge of recent publishing history he would have known that the mid-1960s marked a critical phase in the process of change I describe. My third and final phase of data collection finished in 1975, not in 1974: The trends I

describe in the book have not changed in the intervening years. Mr Cross regrets that I do not identify my informants. Had I done so (and more pointedly, they might properly have complained of my breaching the ethic of anonymity in social inquiry. It is true that I do not limit myself to masculine pronouns and possessory objectives. Women have always constituted a significant minority of writers and have, throughout the time I have been studying the book trade, constituted the majority of all those working in publishing (not at the highest levels you may be sure). Again, if only Mr Cross had read my text instead of, in this case, falling back on chauvinist reflexes, he might have seen that I have tried to use gendered terms in correspondence with reality. To describe this as a "half-hearted attempt by Lane to placate women in publishing" is an insult to those women, if anything made worse by what I suspect is its unintended character. What does he mean by "placate"? What would a whole-hearted attempt look like?

Department of Sociology, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ.

## 'Of Words and Pitches'

Sir,—Having been members of L.C. Knight's nine at Kenyon College in 1950, we are pleased finally to get recognition in the softball record book (Donald Hall, "Of words and pitches", February 27). However, for the sake of baseball history a couple of minor inaccuracies should not be allowed to stand. We were never aware of team's names—"The Ambiguities" indeed! Robert Lowell did play on one of the teams, but Delmore Schwartz, never. He played tennis — quite another game — with Arthur Mizener. As Casey Stengel would say, you could look it up.

MAURICE CHARNEY,  
DON WIENER,  
Twenty-sixth floor, One Wall Street, New York.

## 'The Calling'

Sir,—I must protest against your reviewer's curt and dismissive notice of Mary Gray Hughes's long-awaited collection of stories *The Calling* (March 13). Robert Hewison is entitled to his opinion of a text but not to substitute for that opinion inaccurate surmises about the writer's life—"Only when the story moves too far away from Mary Gray Hughes's experience... does she lose conviction". It is bad enough that Mr Hewison is imperceptive about the first collection of an author whom I am not alone in regarding as one of the finest exponents alive of the short story. It is still worse that he does so using a *de haut en bas* approach — if that is the word — of male reviewer to female writer. The all-purpose pejorative, "domestic", should especially be outlawed from serious reviewing.

PHILIP HOBBSAUM,  
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

## 'A Book Of Air Journeys'

Sir,—During the past two years, at about this time, you have been good enough to publish letters from me asking for suggestions for my anthologies on *Ballroom Journeys* (published 1980) and *Sea Journeys* (to be published this year). I am now writing to solicit your readers for suggestions for the last in the series, *A Book of Air Journeys*. Once again the only criteria for acceptance are (a) already published material and (b) stylish welcome and/or unusual events: I will welcome information about interesting accounts of any air journeys, whether by balloon, airship, biplane, fighter, bomber, jumbo jet, from the very earliest times to the present day.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY,  
c/o Collins, Publishers, 14 St James's Place, London SW1A 1PS.

## Portraits Of Milton

Sir,—The TLS of February 6 reproduced a 1637 engraving of a portrait drawn as if from a sculptured bust and described it as representing the poet John Milton, although it was not so designated by its artist, Wenceslas Hollar. This is one more of the hundreds of non-portraits of Milton in circulation. In the first major *catalogue raisonné* of Hollar's works, by George Vertue, 1745 and 1759, this engraving is described as VIII, 124: "A Boy's Head or Youth's Bust almost Profile, on a Pedestal that is square; no inscription." George Vertue owned the only sculptured "bust of Milton" which has any conceivable claim to authenticity, the one now at Christ's College, Cambridge. George Vertue also, prior to issuing Milton engravings of his own, checked with Milton's daughter Deborah as to which pictures were authentic. If this Hollar engraving had any relation to Milton, George Vertue was the one person who would have known it and would have so reported. The false identification apparently was made some time between 1759 and 1853, when Gustav Parthey, in his *Wenzel Hollar: Beschreibung des Verzeichnisses seiner Kupferstiche*, listed it as number 1679, subject unidentified, and added "Gilt in England für ein Jugendbildnis Miltons". There are two and only two engraved portraits of Milton which were done authentically from life, the caricatured Marshall (1645), and Falthome (1670), whose resemblances confirm each other. For documentation, see *Milton Portraits: An Inappreciated Inquiry into their Authenticity*, special number of the *Milton Quarterly*, 1976.

LEO MILLER,  
Apartment ID, 521 East 14 Street, New York, NY 10009.

## George Eliot

Sir,—There are errors in Jean Wilson's review of *George Eliot: Centenary Essays and an Unpublished Fragment*, edited by Anne Smith (March 13). "A New George Eliot Manuscript" is edited by William Baker and not, as stated in the review (perhaps through a misprint), "William Barker". It is misleading to suggest that in the manuscript "Eliot returns... to historical ruralities". Its content ranges from happenings overseas to references to the telephone and among other non-"ruralities"—"the telephone in the Place de la Concorde". Ms Wilson regrets that the manuscript "was carried no further" and that George Eliot was working on it "when she died". Her regrets inhibit the world of assumptions. In my introduction to the manuscript my dating of its compo-

sition was tentative and pointed to the 1877 period and beyond. My introduction concluded with the words: "... what we have... is some superb hitherto unpublished George Eliot descriptive writing and the fragment of another work from George Eliot's pen—one uncompleted or yet to see the light of day."

WILLIAM BAKER,  
10 Streatham Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands

## T. S. Eliot

Sir,—In their advertisement (February 20) for Edward Lobb's just-published *T.S. Eliot and the Romantic Critical Tradition*, Routledge and Kegan Paul claim that it "is the first book to make use of Eliot's unpublished Clark Lectures on metaphysical poetry". That's not much to claim, but it happens to be false—see my *Thomas Stearns Eliot: Poet published by Cambridge University Press* nearly two years ago.

Department of English and Related Literature, University of York, Heslington, York YO1 5DD.

## 'Sons and Lovers'

Sir,—John Hewish's desire to discover whether Paul and Clara "actually make love" beside the Trent in *Sons and Lovers* (Letters, March 13) is prurient because he has not considered what "making love" might mean. It is stunningly obvious that the encounter in question is sexual (not just "sexy" as Mr Hewish puts it); equally obvious that by the standards of 1912 it is shocking (Paul asks Clara afterwards if she feels "criminal"). It is also clear that Lawrence felt no desire to penetrate beneath petticoat or trouser button to describe any particular form of sexual activity. Like Chaucer's January, Mr Hewish would like to know whether "in it went". It's a barrister's interest, not a reader's. He also finds the subsequent evening at Mrs. Rawford's house more exciting if Paul and Clara are still virgin each other. He clearly hasn't considered the implications of the smashed crimson flowers all over Clara's dress.

Trevor Griffiths's version seemed to me wonderfully good in being responsible both to what a television script can make of a relationship, and to what the novel shows. JOHN WORTHEN,  
4 Lon Curo, Cwmwyn, Swansea.

## Yeats

Sir,—The third edition of Wadé's *Bibliography of the Writings of W. B. Yeats* (1968) has been long out of print and a new edition is acutely needed. In accordance with the late Russell K. Asplach's

wishes, Oxford University Press (the new publishers of the *Soho Bibliographies* series) have asked me to complete the revision that he had already started at the time of his death.

I propose to add new sections: contributions to theatre programmes, appearances in auction catalogues, for example. There is a great deal of new information to add, not only about new books and editions, but corrections and additions to information already published. I should be most grateful if your readers would let me know of their discoveries and any errors they may have noted in the third edition. All aid will be greatly appreciated and duly acknowledged.

COLIN SMYTHE,  
Cornerways, Mill Lane, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire SL9 8BA.

## Blake

Sir,—I agree with Stephen Wylers' remarks (Letters, March 13) about Michael Mason's review-article and would add that it is downright misleading of Mr Mason blithely to announce that "the old controversy about the transfer of writings to the plates is now settled: Blake wrote in reverse directly on them". Robert Essick is extremely knowledgeable in these matters, but so is David Bindman, who has said in a recent issue of *Blake Quarterly* that he doesn't share Essick's view.

It is misleading also to say, as Mr Mason does, that David Erdman has produced the annotated "black and white facsimile of all the illuminated writings". In Blake studies, especially, "facsimile" should not be used as a synonym for "reproduction". Mr Mason accuses certain critics of making Blake seem less complex and contradictory than he really is; but he himself oversimplifies.

G. INGLI JAMES,  
Department of English, University College, Cardiff.

Paul Ruggien's Hengwrt facsimile, referred to by T. A. Shipley in his review of N. F. Blake's edition of the *Canterbury Tales* from the Hengwrt Manuscript in the TLS of January 16, is available in the UK from D. S. Brewer, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk, at £65, under the title *The Canterbury Tales: a Facsimile and Transcription of the Hengwrt Manuscript, with variations from the Ellesmere Manuscript*.

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## Among This Week's Contributors

NIGEL ALEXANDER is Professor of English Language and Literature at Queen Mary College, London.

M. S. ANDERSON's most recent book is *Historians and Eighteenth-Century Europe*, 1979.

DAVID BRADING's *Haciendas and Ranchos in the Mexican Bajío, 1700-1850*, was published last year.

PATRICIA J. CONRAD teaches English at South Bank Polytechnic, London.

PIRRO DONNINI was formerly Director of the Italian Institute in London.

DENNIS DUNCANSON is Reader in South East Asian Studies at the University of Kent.

P. R. FAWCETT is a lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.

ROY FORSTER's *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Political Life* will be published later this year.

J. F. C. HARRISON's books include *Bibliography of the Chartist Movement 1837-1976* (with Dorothy Thompson), 1979.

ALTHEA HAYTER's books include *Mrs Browning*, 1962; and *A Voyage in Vain*, 1973.

PETER HABBETHWAITE's most recent book is *The New Inquisition: Schillabeck and King*, 1980.

GEORGE A. HOSKING's *Beyond Socialism: Realism: Fiction Since 'Ivan Dembovich'* was published last year.

PAUL JOHNSON was editor of the *New Statesman* from 1965 to 1970. His books include *A History of Christianity*, 1976, and *Enemies of Society*, 1977.

ROSE JUST is a Junior Research Fellow at Wollaton College, Oxford.

ERIC KORN is an antiquarian bookdealer in London.

DON LOCKE's most recent book is *A Fantasy of Reason: The Life and Thought of William Godwin*, 1980.

GEOFFREY MARSHALL's books include *Constitutional Theory*, 1971.

STEPHEN MENDALP is a lecturer in English at the University of Sussex.

DESIMON MARRAS's recent books include *Switzerland for Beginners*, 1975, and *Tai-Tai*, 1978.

J. MORDAUNT CROOK's new book *William Burges and the High Victorian Dream* will be published by John Murray in June.

THOMAS NAGEL's most recent book is *Mortal Questions*, 1980.

SIR EDWARD PLAYFAIR was Chairman of the National Gallery from 1972 to 1974.

CHRISTOPHER REID's collection of poems *Arctia* was published in 1979.

ALAN RYAN's books include *The Philosophy of the Social Sciences*, 1970.

HAROLD SHUEMAN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

STEPHEN SPENDER's most recent book is *The Thirties and After*, 1978.

D. M. THOMAS's most recent novel *The White Hotel* was published earlier this year.

JENNIFER UOLW is the editor of *Essays on Literature and Art by Walter Pater*, 1975.

HUGO WILLIAMS's most recent collection of poems *Love Life* was published last year.

A. N. WILSON's books include *The Laird of Abbotsford: A View of Sir Walter Scott*, 1980.

JASON WILSON's *Oriano Pao: A Study of his Poetics* was published in 1979.

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# The sense of oppression

By Jennifer Uglow

ELIZABETH WILSON:

Only Halfway to Paradise  
Women in Postwar Britain 1945-1968  
233 pp. Tavistock. £8.50.  
0 422 76870 7

In one of the first documents of the new British women's movement, Spokesman Pamphlet 17, *Women's Liberation and the New Politics* (1969), Sheila Rowbotham wrote:

Partly the matter is very concrete. It is about 55 an hour and the suicide rate, about nursery schools and legal discrimination. All these need to be studied. But there is another important aspect to the 'woman problem' - how it feels in the head. If the external social situation subdues us, it is our consciousness that contains us.

Elizabeth Wilson's narrative ends before these words were written; her concern is precisely that consciousness which had contained, indeed silenced, any murmurs about women's oppression during the previous two decades. Her book is an attempt to see how it felt in the head of both men and women, to recreate a "received wisdom", drawing on the evidence of government records, sociology, psychiatry, literature and other public statements.

The aim is not to provide a history of events, and readers expecting a clear chronology will be disappointed. And indeed, if we do look at the "external social situation" from 1945-68 we find a welter of Commissions and Reports, but hardly any legislative or policy changes which improved the lot of women. The Abortion Law Reform Act of 1967 and the Divorce Reform Act of 1969 were preceded by years of debate. In the sphere of work the Royal Commission on Equal Pay set the tone in 1946 by differentiating between professional career women and those in manual employment, and victories won by teachers and civil servants in the 1950s were not extended generally until the Equal Pay Act, 1970, was (theoretically) implemented in

1975. A similar meritocratic distinction was made in John Newson's *The Education of Girls*, 1948, between the appropriateness of academic education for the few and domestic vocational training for the many.

In fact, although the percentage of married women entering employment continued to rise, the consensus during the 1950s and 1960s was that work was secondary to marriage and motherhood. The burst of enthusiasm for state intervention in domestic work and child care which accompanied the Beveridge Report rapidly vanished, and the typical pattern of "work: childcare: work" became firmly established. The pattern endures as does the division between "gifted" and ordinary women. In a television broadcast in January this year, obviously aimed at housewives, Margaret Thatcher qualified her recognition of women's right to work thus: "But I beg them, never put the children second... after all they are their responsibility." The difference is that today opposition is vocal; when she said exactly the same in the Conservative Research Department's *Family Policy* in 1952 no voice was raised in protest.

It sometimes seems that post-war reconstruction was dedicated as much to bolstering the family as the economy. The intense but relatively free emotional atmosphere of wartime gave way to the insistence that

Love and marriage. Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage. This I tell you brother.

You can't have one without the other. As it happened a lot of people were trying to, or at least finding the carriage in need of repair - divorce rates soared and the National Marriage Guidance Council worked as never before. "Broken homes" became the great bogey. What the song really meant, of course, was "sex and marriage"; there were sex manuals called *The Art of Marriage* and sex education projects called *Planning for Parenthood*. But this fiction was hard to maintain in the face of the Kinsey Reports, and the unflinching of sexuality was seen as revolutionary not only by the Left but also by the establishment. An example given here is Lord Devlin's statement in *The Enforcement of Morals*, 1959:

"the suppression of vice is just as much the law's business as the suppression of subversive activities".

But even when the "personal revolution" of the 1960s arrived it did not, paradoxically, alter the balance of relations between the sexes. It has been argued that "permissiveness" (always heterosexual), in the sense of the pressure of sexual availability combined with romantic expectations, even increased women's sense of oppression. Meanwhile, within the radical politics of the decade women found their interests put very low on the list of priorities.

Only *Halfway to Paradise* presents a clear image, entertaining even when irritatingly sketchy, of the consensus view of women's position in society. But it remains an assembly rather than an analysis and at times one longs for the author to grapple more strenuously with the ideologies and myths she detects. This limitation is illustrated by her use of commentators. Novels, sociological essays, psychiatric case-studies, may justifiably be examined as distillations of a prevailing ideology, but here the focus is continually blurred so that authors such as Kingsley Amis, Raymond Williams, E.P. Thompson, or R.D. Laing are quoted, confusingly, both as providing "factual" evidence and as themselves the subject of analysis.

One also has the sense of being whirled so rapidly through changing landscapes that they all end up looking the same. This is particularly true of the chapters on "Culture and humanism" and "Novelists" - the latter takes us on a whistle-stop tour from Rosamund Lehmann, via Anthony Powell and Amis, to Margaret Drabble, Maureen Duffy and Doris Lessing. To be fair, Elizabeth Wilson acknowledges the problems in using fiction as "documentary evidence of the state of feeling". Far more extraordinary, in a work which claims to present a whole culture, is the omission of detailed treatment of mass communications. The title, taken from a Billy Fury song, suggests that in looking at images of women she will use the opportunity to re-examine the territory opened up by *The Uses of Literacy* in 1957. Yet there is virtually no discussion of mass reading or entertainment, or of the crucial role of television and popular music, apart from a defensive acknow-

ledgement of their "pervasive and sinister influence".

The ambitious scope of the book invites such criticism; it tries to be wide-ranging, yet the most interesting sections are those closest to the author's home ground, the field of social policy covered in her earlier book (also in this useful Tavistock series) *Women and the Welfare State*, and the subject which sparked her interest in the period, the apparent demise of feminism.

It is quite true that in 1968 the interest in women's liberation seemed to spring, not out of a void, but from a background of radical activity which looked to American and German models rather than to native tradition. To women taking up battle positions at the 1970 Oxford Conference, the earlier generation of feminists appeared as collaborators, if not agents of repression (the exception was the small pocket of guerrilla activity based around the Six Point Group and Women's Freedom League). Wilson suggests that this is because feminist energy was diverted after the war into movements for peace, citizenship, democracy and campaigns on behalf of the housewife (the working women's battle for emancipation being "won"). The emphasis on the dignity of work in the home led feminists into unfamiliar conservative positions - into opposing divorce reforms, for example.

In documenting this process the book illustrates a tension - between the elevation of woman's "special role" and the struggle

for equality - which still leads to ambiguity in feminist theory. As Wilson notes, women are "struggling at one and the same time to participate in the world as it is and to suggest in a 'prefigurative way' the entirely different kind of world that might exist if 'female' values dominated".

In its final chapter *Only Halfway to Paradise* is placed in the context of another continuing debate. Having noted the growing division, in the period covered, between the "equality" achieved by different classes of women, and the manifest failure of left-wing groups to incorporate the problems of social division in their analyses or policies, Elizabeth Wilson asks two provocative questions: "... to what extent can we assume that feminism and socialism are one?" and "How can feminism become popular politics - and should it?" These are central issues, but disappointingly Elizabeth Wilson's book adds little to the developing argument except to suggest that feminism has proved fluid and adaptable to varied political positions in the past largely because it has not been "conscious and reflective". Presumably the move towards complex theoretical analyses may break the chain of cultural determinism presented in the previous chapters. Ultimately *Only Halfway to Paradise* arouses an equivocal response: much of the documentation is fascinating yet the analysis is tentative and rather inconclusive. The judgement of the title song is arguably uncomfortable - "So near yet so far away".

JAMES R. FLYNN:

Race, IQ and Jensen  
313pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.50.  
0 7108 0037 1

HOWARD F. TAYLOR:

The I.Q. Game  
276pp. Harvester Press. £18.95.  
0 7108 0037 1

It is hard to know, sometimes, which is least impressive about the race-IQ debate: the participants' motives, their premises, or their conclusions. Of course it is easy enough to accuse the hereditarians of racism. Why else should they be so anxious to demonstrate that there are genetic differences between black and white? But those on the opposite side often seem guilty of an equal dogmatism: even professorial bodies have come close to declaring that since the hereditarian cannot be right, we must not look at the evidence.

Yet even if an inherited racial difference were established, it would hardly follow that racial discrimination is justified. For one thing, many blacks have higher IQs than many whites, so the grounds of discrimination ought to be IQ, not skin colour. And for another, there seems no good reason to treat people differently, politically, socially or morally, simply on grounds of IQ. No doubt we would not want our illnesses treated by people of demonstrably low IQ, but they have as much right to accurate diagnosis and adequate treatment as anyone, and as much right to say, through the medium of the ballot box, how such facilities, which affect them as much as we, ought to be organized.

And why should it matter that the difference is inherited? James R. Flynn regards the hereditarian position as the last refuge of the racist. Not that every hereditarian will be a racist: Jensen is, as he insists, an honourable exception. But, he believes, every racist will want to be a hereditarian, in order to give his doctrines some semblance of rational respectability.

## The gay condition

By Peter J. Conradi

GAY LEFT COLLECTIVE (Editors):  
Homosexuality: Power and Politics  
224pp. Allison and Busby. £9.95 (paperback £3.95)  
0 85031 374 0

The 1967 Sexual Law Reform Act crucially distinguished the private sphere from the public, and as a result of this distinction prosecutions for homosexual behaviour in public have since then tripled. Moreover, definitions obtaining in medicine, psychology, sociology and education have been little changed. The reform movements in the 1970s polarized between the Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE), which was liberal and reformist; and the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) which was radical and leftist. CHE continues, GLF collapsed. One faction arising from its demise was the Gay Left collective, an "all-male consciousness-raising group". From them comes this collection of seventeen articles which includes contributions from non-members, seven of them women.

GLF believed that the social construction of reality itself needed changing; the piecemeal reforms demanded by CHE were seen as tinkering with a machine beyond repair and requiring renewal. Struggles over definitions are struggles as to who should have the power to define. Thus the battle was firstly and aptly fought out in the theatre of language itself. The word "gay", to some a misappropriation, was the result of a felt need to see and define homosexuality as other than a pathological, legal, or psychiatric phenomenon. A neutral term was required.

The introduction tells us that the collection hopes to contribute to "the creation of that social and radical culture which is a necessary component of wider social transformations". Articles range from "Capitalism and the Organization of Sex" to "Horrible Practices: How Lesbians were Presented in the Newspapers of 1978". The problems of definition, are complex and different formulations are complex. Liberationist philosophy argued accurately that homosexual identity is "not given" but nature but imposed as a social control on a deviant minority; it is the product of a long social process involving both definition and self-definition.

Thus, paradoxically, the need to deny that there is any general homosexual condition has to be expressed in terms which invent just such a homosexual consensus; order, later, to achieve the right kind of integration and individuality and categorization must be enforced in order to demonstrate

strate their ultimate emptiness.

If the relationship between Gay Liberation and the Women's Movement has been difficult, that between the former and the Left has been vexed indeed. As one article shows, International Socialism has seen fit to issue statements to the effect that homosexuality will vanish under socialism. Others among the fourteen Trotskyist movements in England (each of which claims to represent the pure current of revolutionary thought) have been bigoted and blinkered. Certain socialist regimes have nasty ways of bringing about the vanishing prophesied by IS; in bare certain fascist regimes it is in unbridled liberal democracies that the greatest apparent toleration exists: apparent only, as Seabrook argued in his witty *A Lucky Relationship*, if capitalism has been the way that it earlier invented the teenage to exploit and regulate a new and profitable market.

This is a worthy, unfunny collection. The women contributors often write better than the men. If it is men, no matter what their sexual persuasion, who control language itself, then this is curious. It is the women who best sustain the commitment of the introduction to address, among much else, "the personal experiences of Lesbian and gay men". The argument that the private world is publicly determined has old verbal consequences. In a book so concerned with this one with defining, these seem worth noting. The lack of any obvious editorial overview means that essays are pitched differently and show a variety of types of discourse. They range from sociological malarkey (in which we are advised to eschew a "largely negative conception of the power-sexuality complex" and fed such words as "contaminant", "spontaneist", "imbricate", "stagger" and "Whitehouseism"), through the collection's language of the introduction to the chatty Martin count mellow-speak of its final piece ("I feel my own history somewhere between old and new, like lifestyles"; someone is described as being "very out"), and the merely cautious contributor is researching the social control of homosexuality "during the post-war world".

A number of the men's articles are hot for grand synthesis and heady with abstraction. They tackle the demystification of language by writing in code, and abandon private writing for public rhetoric. They are also overlaps and repetitions. The women seem less frightened of feeling. They are fighting against, having been assigned a false definition of the private world and yet it is they who offer the best hope that the more generous, humane, egalitarian and sexually free society, desiderated in the introduction, may one day make a world beyond spoiled identity.

## Black, white and grey matter

By Don Locke

Yet even if you believe that those of inferior IQ ought to be treated as inferiors, the crucial question, surely, is not whether IQ is inherited or acquired, but whether it can be changed. Features with a genetic base can still be modified by human intervention, otherwise all diets and cosmetic surgery would be futile; and not every environmental effect, especially those making their mark early in life, can subsequently be altered. The racist will not care whether the racial differences are genetic or social, so long as they are fixed. More probably still, he will not care whether they are alterable, so long as they are there. Inheritance, as such, seems a red herring.

At this point people are liable to start agonizing over the gene pool, an image calling for literary and Freudian analysis rather than scientific or philosophical explanation - we are evidently in the realm of those precious bodily fluids which so obsessed Sterling Hayden in *Dr. Strangelove*. But the idea of this reservoir of human talent which must not be allowed to deteriorate or dissipate seems ludicrous in the face of our obvious, and I dare say inevitable, inability to realize and profit from the prospective talents of the people we actually have, as opposed to the hypothetical talents of mere possibilities. Indeed an impartial Observer might well feel that the world would be a better place, and the people on it a happier race, if there had been a little less of that talent which looks set to destroy us both.

But if the feared conclusions do not follow, what of the premises, the evidence which is supposed to show that there are inherited racial differences in intelligence? There is, I should think, no claim in this area which has not been challenged by someone, but it often looks as though the premises are rejected only because people do not like the look of the conclusions. It might seem better to accept the evidence, whatever it may be, for what it is, and concentrate rather on where it does, or does not, lead us. Certainly the strength of Jensen's position has always been that he, at least, has evidence to offer, to explain or explain away, leaving the environmentalist always on the defensive. It is striking

ing, indeed, how the central empirical studies all come from the hereditarian camp, when environmentalist hypotheses might seem easier to test. The emphasis is, for example, on identical twins, reared separately, or in comparison with non-identical twins (whose environments will typically be as similar as anyone's can be) in comparison with other siblings, or even on unrelated individuals reared in the same family (surely more frequent than identical twins reared apart). It is almost as if the environmentalists were afraid to look, for fear of what they might find. In the terminology of contemporary philosophy of science, hereditarianism comes to seem a progressive research programme, concerned to identify problems and resolve them, while the environmentalist programme seems degenerate, content merely to explain its way out of the difficulties provided by the opposite camp.

But as contemporary philosophy of science also reminds us, scientists are as liable as anyone else to see what they want to see, and find what they hope to find. In *The I.Q. Game* Howard Taylor picks away, meticulously and unemotionally - and with surprising lucidity, given the technicality of the subject matter - at the evidence for the inherited differences in IQ, and uncovers everything from arithmetical carelessness through systematic distortion to deliberate fabrication. Not that he concludes that IQ is environmental in origin; nor that it is not. His conclusion is more simple, and more dispiriting, than either: you ain't proved nothing yet.

Take for example the widely-quoted estimate of 80% heritability which, remember, means not that 80% of measured IQ is inherited, but only that, on average, 80% of the difference between individuals (R to I I IQ points, according to Professor Flynn) is due to genetic factors. The most direct evidence comes from the separated twins studies, but of the four which bulk large in the literature we have to eliminate Cyril Burt's, and the remainder include many pairs who were reared in significantly similar environments, often in different branches of the same family, and even spending crucial periods in the same

home (which ought to include the womb). The difficulties of finding genuinely separated twins are obvious - ideally the subjects would not even know they were twins - and one study actually rejected cases on the grounds that they lived too far apart, or spoke different languages! Taylor believes that of the original population of sixty-eight pairs only eleven can be regarded as statistically valid. His own best estimate, based on these, is not 80% heritability, but somewhere between 34% and zero!

Still it would surely be astonishing if intelligence did not have some genetic basis, especially given what we now know about the physical bases of mental functioning, personality, and the rest. You would have to be the most radical dualist to believe that these things were entirely independent of those features which, undeniably, parents do hand on to their children. The important question, for present purposes, is whether these inherited differences will collect along racial lines.

Here we come to the parable of the grains of wheat. If two identical samples of genetically mixed wheat are grown in two environments very different from each other but uniform in themselves, then any differences within each sample will be wholly genetic in origin (because the environments are constant), but the average difference between samples will be wholly environmental (because the two samples were genetically matched). Hence even if differences in IQ within races are inherited, it would not follow that any average differences between the races were.

Professor Flynn, following Jensen, is not impressed: for this to apply to the 15-point average difference in measured IQ between American whites and blacks there would have to be some systematic difference in their environment, as in the case of the two samples of wheat. Yet whatever disadvantages are suffered by blacks in general, some whites suffer from them too, and some blacks do not. This makes the going hard, both for Professor Flynn and his reader. On the one hand he accepts Jensen's argument that the 15-point difference cannot be explained by some environmental "blindfold" which systematically handicaps blacks against whites. But on the other he offers direct evidence, based on studies of children fathered by Negro soldiers in Germany at the end of the war, that in a different environment the IQ of such so-called blacks matches that of their white compatriots. To resolve the contradiction, and rightly insisting that direct evidence should count for more than indirect, Flynn proceeds to explore the ways in which environment might produce the 15-point discrepancy after all. But if environment can, indeed, explain the difference, how can Jensen's reply to the parable be as compelling as Flynn thinks it is? Especially when Jensen himself reports a Georgia town where the average black IQ is 21.5 points below the average for black America in general. No one is going to say that difference must be genetic!

Luckily Professor Flynn's evidence is more compelling than his reasoning. The parable is a deliberate simplification; the argument does not depend on there being a systematic environmental difference between samples. We are dealing with averages, after all, and many blacks have higher IQs than many whites: perhaps these will be the environmentally advantaged blacks and the environmentally disadvantaged whites. All that is necessary to defeat the argument from inherited differences within races, plus observed differences between races, is inherited differences between races is a combination of environmental factors whose average effect on the two races is enough to explain the average difference in measured IQ, factors such as those discussed by Professor Flynn.

Howard Taylor writes as a social scientist with a head for statistics and a style blessedly free from obscurantist jargon - he is not, apparently, to blame for "anthropology", which is the technique of deciding whether twins are identical, by seeing whether they look the same! His book is for the expert rather than the layman, though the non-specialist interested in the minutiae of the debate will find that, if he is prepared to persevere, he will profit from it too. But no doubt those whom he criticizes will be able to find the same inadequacies in Taylor's analyses and calculations which he finds in theirs. As often in the social sciences one is left with the depressing feeling that, in areas of such appalling complexity, no one will ever be able to prove anything. At least Taylor himself is clear that, in the present state of the art, attempts to calculate heritability are a waste of time.

Professor Flynn, on the other hand, approaches the topic as a philosopher, and misses a golden opportunity to clarify the nature of the debate, the form of its arguments, its assumptions and implications. To take but one more example: the most important practical consequence of Jensen's position lies in his claim that there are significantly different kinds of intelligence, involving significantly different types of ability, and calling for significantly different forms of education. There, to be sure, is an issue, yet it seems entirely independent of whether intelligence is acquired or inherited, or distributed along racial lines.

This then is an area which might profit from the hand of a philosopher, who could keep his head above the waters that threaten to engulf Professor Taylor. But Professor Flynn, equally, disappears among the kinship studies and the statistical calculations, raising any number of points of detail, but leaving the form of the debate more obscure than when he began. His argument is difficult to follow, with later chapters seeming to question the assumptions of earlier ones; his prose is often awkward to read; and his pages are ugly to look at. If his publishers were going to produce a sheaf of typewritten pages, they ought really to have done so more cheaply.

## The resentful Right

By Alan Ryan

NIGEL FIELDING:  
The National Front  
250pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £12.50.  
0 7100 0559 8

The average sociologist and the average National Front supporter have little affection for one another. In the mythology of the NF the sociologist gets the blame for many of the evils that cannot be directly laid at the immigrant's door. Modern schooling, to undermine the discipline and morals of the young. Teachers are either recruited to the conspiracy or bamboozled by the conspirators in the course of social studies lectures in the universities and training colleges; thus poisoned, they return to the classroom and cast doubt on parental discipline and sow the seeds of political disaffection. To the sociologist, the very existence of people who can believe this sort of thing is so painful to contemplate that the last thing he would feel like doing would be to meet them in the flesh to discover how their world looks to them. The lives of croupiers, pool-room hustlers, sex-change patients and other marginal or deviant characters possess a sort of charm; the lives of those who hold deeply dour and venomous views about politics possess none.

Nigel Fielding's little book on the NF is, therefore, rather welcome. Its author, however, is fearfully conscious of what his colleagues might think of him, and a good deal of the book is devoted to methodological musings. The problem is simple enough: if one is sceptical about large-scale structural theories about the political Right, because they seem to provide no insight into why groups which have more structural reasons for resentment at the existing order should come up with the hatred they actually do, and if one is sceptical about theories of political deviance which suggest that NF supporters must be so deranged that it is a wonder

they're not in hospital, there is no way of understanding the NF other than by going and looking at it in operation, talking to its members, and trying to understand what they are up to in their own terms. This, however, seems to presuppose a certain willingness either to experience, or at least to pretend to, some sympathy with the NF's members and their goals. Fielding is in no doubt that racism is deeply repulsive and that the "conspiracy theory" view of the world which goes with it is intellectually beneath contempt. He seems to have got round the difficulty by a judicious mixture of honesty and deception - "with some members I maintained a formal researcher role, with others a friendly near-convert status" - and through the happy accident of getting on well with David McCalden, the NF Student Association leader.

What emerges is, for all that, not very surprising, and it is too much burdened under reflections on the theory of deviance in general to make much impact. There are some sensible reflections, however. For instance, Fielding notices that there is a considerable difference between NF branch meetings and NF demonstrations - the branch meetings, with their boring and organizational, concerned with fund-raising and keeping up membership and local support, rather than with ideological debate or rallying the troops for immediate battle. Public demonstrations appeal to a different clientele - younger, more solidly working-class, and more attracted to NF activism. Indeed, such comic relief as there is comes in Fielding's accounts of branch meetings he has attended - the organizers are, to a man, terrifiedly keen on their beer, and eager to adjourn the proceedings to the pub, which makes the NF sound very much like the Labour Party, which is no doubt a small victory for theorists of organization, and a small defeat for those who would expect deviant political attitudes to produce organizational deviance too.

On the ideological commitments of the NF, Fielding is inconclusive but not inaccu-

rate. The sloppiness and vagueness of its understanding of economic and social issues does not make for a crisp memorable programme; once you get beyond the desire to repatriate coloured immigrants and to bring back the death penalty, there is nothing very much. Traditionalism in education asserts awkwardly with an enthusiasm for technical and scientific advance; and as with all versions of the corporate state, the NF's version is torn between wishing to give trade unions a lot of power over their members and wishing to give the state a lot of power over trade unions. What does emerge, of right-wing conservatism and fascism - the NF has no time at all for free trade and the rights of private property. The feeling one gets is that aside from hostility to immigration, it has few thoughts of its own, and has relied on memories of Mosley - it is ambivalent about anti-Semitism and uncertain whether isolation or imperialism is the keynote of foreign policy. For a sociologist, Fielding is rather reluctant to try to sort out the ambiguities of the ideology in terms of the struggles for power within the organization.

Perhaps the most obvious defect of the book is one for which its author cannot be blamed: it is the occupational hazard of the sociologist of any interesting contemporary phenomenon to be overtaken by events. But the truth is that Fielding writes as if the NF were still the growing force it was seven or ten years ago, whereas the oddity is surely, that with two and a half million unemployed, neither the far left nor the far right has made any progress whatever. One might say that there is as much xenophobia about as ever, but that the punitive and selfish outlook which the NF reflects is more nearly respectable in politics than it has been for years; but that, of course, only points up the way in which a study like Dr. Fielding's which keeps its eyes so firmly glued to the behaviour of the NF itself, is bound to underestimate the extent to which the NF's fortunes are simply a function of the opportunities of the main political parties.

## Interpreting the indigenous

By Roger Just

STEPHEN F. TURNER:  
Sociological Explanation as Translation  
110pp. Cambridge University Press. £9.  
(paperback £2.95).  
0 521 23300 6

This is a modest book: ninety-nine pages of text, and as the author admits, making no claim to offer any new explanatory programme for the social sciences. Rather, Stephen Turner's aim has been "to accept the existence and intellectual substance of sociology and to try to show why the substantive problems of concern to sociology are genuine problems and why their solutions are, at least in part, genuine solutions."

Such an aim must inevitably be pursued in a spirit of compromise. What needs to be theoretically reconciled, in Professor Turner's opinion, is traditional sociology's emphasis on statistical regularities and correlations, or, more generally, on empirical science, and the "rule model" of sociology, as exemplified by Peter Winch's writings, with its demand that we should grasp indigenous concepts and modes of action within their form of life in which they operate.

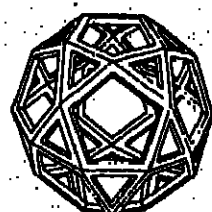
Nearly half of Turner's book is devoted to a detailed exposition of the position expressed in Winch's *The Idea of a Social Science* (1958) and in a later article "Understanding a Primitive Society" (1964), and to subsequent criticisms of that position. Indeed, his account comes close to being a qualified defence of Winch. But it ends in a qualified defence, for at least one reading of Winch's position makes it difficult to see how any analysis of a society could be achieved except in terms of its own terms. The possibility of a comparative sociology is thus ruled out, and yet Turner is convinced that the best sociology has been comparative. Moreover, there is a sense in which

sociology (or social anthropology) is always comparative in that comprehensibility requires it to offer more than a re-description of the actors' own concepts, intelligible only to those who share those concepts. Some form of "translation" is of the essence.

It is at this stage that Turner introduces his *utrumque* quod, not, he insists, a new theory, but "an alternative arrangement of the material" such that the theoretical difficulties entailed in Winch's arguments and in the various forms of empiricism criticized by Winch might both be by-passed. Here Turner has recourse to an analysis of two examples of practical sociology: the controversy between Edmund Leach and Spiro about the Tully River Blacks' understanding of human conception ("Virgin Birth" in *Genetics as Myth and Other Essays*, 1969), and Bahfield's study of "Montegrano", a southern Italian village (*The Moral Basis of a Backward Society*, 1958). Both examples are taken to be cases of (variant) cultural translation, and Turner identifies the strategies adopted by those concerned with forms of "puzzle solving" prompted by a breakdown in the application of what he calls "the same practice hypothesis": viz, that "where we would follow such and such a rule (in Winch's sense of the term) the members of another social group or persons in another social context would do the same". Where they do not follow the same rule, the sociologist is led into explaining the discrepancies, indeed into performing an act of translation; and the manner in which he does this is closely akin to the explanation of variant games: "By describing one as a variation of another - by describing them and emphasizing their differences and analogies."

Here Turner, like Winch, is appealing to and quoting Wittgenstein. What must be understood are the "games" and the "rules" - in Turner's terms the "practices" - in which people are involved. But, Turner claims, his formulation is more accommodating than Winch's, for the empirical discovery of "aggregate patterns" may indicate the operation of rules, while methods of organizing data and statistical techniques may enable the sociologist to specify whether differences exist between rules and if so where. Such empirical procedures are a legitimate step in the process of puzzle solving, even if they can never supply the solutions. Furthermore, it is empirical data which allow us to know whether a puzzle has been apprehended correctly, and its correct solution found. One does not simply "guess" the rules of human action in an intuitive fashion. There are empirical grounds for rejecting, revising, and replacing their identifications.

Those wishing for a detailed exposition of Winch's position in the late 1950s, and of its bearing on the major philosophical issues raised by the social sciences, are well served by this book. Turner's account is lucid, and the argumentation subtle. Nevertheless, it may fall between several stools. Winch's own writings are scarcely impenetrable to the average student. Moreover, 1958 is some time ago now, and given that the author's express purpose is not to present some new sociological theory, but rather comprehensively to justify its practice, it is a pity that the work does not range more widely. Structuralism is not pulled into the fold, and Lévi-Strauss makes only a one-line appearance in a footnote. Foucault, Pierre Bourdieu, and most recent influential writers are not mentioned. Marx himself is referred to, but the Marxists are passed over in silence. Listing the omissions proves nothing, of course, and it may well be that Turner considers such thinkers to have made no substantive contribution to sociological theory or practice, or believes himself to have accounted for their work. Indeed Turner states that he is concerned to present fundamental issues by dealing with well-known examples, and that the analysis of these examples could be applied analogously to other examples of sociological explanation. But this he leaves to the reader.



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Enquiries to Dr. C. Green or Dr. R. Cornack,  
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Surrey (01-948 4041)

Jenifer Uglow



# Scheming in Stockholm

By M.S. Anderson

MICHAEL ROBERTS:  
British Diplomacy and Swedish Politics,  
1758-1773  
328pp. Macmillan. £20.  
0 353 30034 3

For almost a generation Michael Roberts has been the greatest expert in the English-speaking world on the history of Sweden in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has also made himself the outstanding authority on British foreign policy, at least so far as northern Europe is concerned, during the 1760s and the 1770s. Now these two interests fuse in this massive and heavily-documented volume. This is diplomatic history of the highest quality, though the minuteness of the detail, the completeness of the documentation (it contains not far short of two thousand footnotes) and the measured pace of the narrative make the book emphatically one for the serious student. It is probably the most thorough study now available of any aspect of British foreign policy during the eighteenth century.

The hero of the book is Sir John Goodricke, British envoy in Stockholm from April, 1764 to July, 1773. Hitherto, Goodricke has been little more than a name even to well-formed historians of British diplomacy. Professor Roberts, however, makes a strong case for him as a man of real ability, and certainly of energy and determination, who has been given less than his due. Certainly his task was no easy one. Swedish politics were the product of a complex constitution jealously guarded by the nobility who were its main beneficiaries, an almost powerless monarchy, incessant and often vicious party, factional and personal rivalries, endemic corruption and frequent influence and interference by foreign governments. They were thus perhaps more unstable than those of any other country in Europe except Poland.

Goodricke, endowed with a certain rather coarse-grained self-confidence and resilience, and armed with the advantage, almost unique among foreign diplomats, of being able to speak Swedish, showed a remarkable ability to manipulate this

exacting environment to Britain's advantage. As Roberts points out, it is a considerable testimony to his abilities that the French representatives in Stockholm against whom he struggled for influence over Swedish policy all respected and even feared him as an antagonist. In 1764, when he arrived in Stockholm, Goodricke's responsibilities were limited and essentially defensive. He had to keep French influence in check (a task which diplomats wherever they were stationed). In particular he had to ward off any danger of France gaining control of the Swedish navy, decrepit as it then was, for use in any new struggle with Britain after her triumph in the Seven Years War.

Soon, however, the mission took on wider dimensions. Throughout the decade after 1763, in intermittent, fluctuating, often mutually irritating and eventually fruitless negotiations, Britain and Russia considered a possible alliance which might unite them in resistance to France and the other members of her "system". Spain and Habsburgs. As time went on it came to seem that an Anglo-Swedish treaty might prove a stepping-stone to this much-discussed and endlessly elusive Anglo-Russian one. If Britain, through active, and inevitably expensive, intervention in Swedish politics could achieve a defensive alliance between the two countries it was very likely that Russia would accede to this. The foundations would thus be laid of the "Northern System" which both Pitt and Panin, the Russian foreign minister, saw as the necessary counterbalance to "the formidable League of the South" dominated by France.

In 1766 Goodricke was able to conclude an innocuous treaty of friendship with Sweden; three years later the vision of an Anglo-Russian alliance based on Swedish foundations seemed within sight of realisation. Perhaps only the fall in May 1769, of the generally pro-British Cap regine which had gained power in Stockholm four years earlier prevented its becoming a reality. Such an opportunity was never to recur before the bloodless coup d'état (well described here) by which in August 1772 Gustavus III reasserted the powers of the Swedish monarchy. This meant the end of all hope of success for Goodricke, and within a few months the end of his mission.

It is one of the strengths of this book that it places events in Sweden firmly in a European context. It shows clearly how the struggle for influence which Goodricke and his Russian colleague Osterman waged against France in Stockholm was influenced by events geographically remote from that struggle – the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in 1768, the Falkland Islands crisis and the fall of Choiseul in 1770. In one respect the book is excessively wide and the detail self-indulgently luxurious. The struggles and manoeuvres of the different Swedish factions are recounted with a loving care which at times is carried too far, so that for considerable stretches of the narrative Goodricke and his fellow-diplomats drop out of the story altogether. The result is to bring home to the reader the full depths of the factionalism and corruption which disfigured the Swedish parliamentism of the period and to make him sympathize with the popular enthusiasm which greeted the coup of 1772.

This is, none the less, a remarkably judicious and fair-minded book. Roberts sees that there were substantial arguments to support the reluctance of British governments to spend money on a large scale in Sweden, though nothing could be achieved there without it, and in particular their refusal to pay subsidies to any foreign state in time of peace. He also sees, however, that given the assumptions of the 1760s it was inevitable that Britain should try to check any growth of French influence anywhere and should seek the Russian alliance to give herself at least some chance of threatening the French position in Europe should Choiseul or his successors embark on a new maritime and colonial war. Whether such an alliance would have been of much use in the sort of struggle into which Britain was drifting by the mid-1770s is another question. The structure of international relations in Europe after 1763, and particularly the general unwillingness to imperil one more the stability of Germany, were making Britain's position against France weaker than in the past. Perhaps no statesman, however able, could have done much about this. Certainly the Secretaries of State, as portrayed here, were not unfairly described here – Sandwich, Grafton, Rockford, Suffolk – could not. This very thorough and intelligent book raises questions which go a good deal beyond its immediate subject.

Goodricke, endowed with a certain rather coarse-grained self-confidence and resilience, and armed with the advantage, almost unique among foreign diplomats, of being able to speak Swedish, showed a remarkable ability to manipulate this

# Purely proletarian

By J. F. C. Harrison

EVA H. HARASZTI:  
Charlton  
Translated by Sándor Simon  
276pp. Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó. \$24.  
963 05 1477 X

This book is a translation from the Hungarian original. In the English-speaking world it will appear as something of a curiosity – of more interest perhaps for what it reveals of Hungarian historical scholarship than for its Chartist content. The author ventures the hope that by "approaching the topic from a detached European standpoint" she has been able to see Charlton differently from previous writers. In fact there is very little that is new here, and much that is all too familiar and out-moded.

Despite its title, the book is really about the early Chartists only. Of the three long chapters into which it is divided, the first deals with the origins of Chartism and developments up to 1839. The second chapter is devoted exclusively to the events of 1839 ("the decisive year of Chartism"); and the third peters out after 1842, with a few paragraphs on the land plan and some reference to Chartist internationalism. Eva Haraszti explains this selection on the grounds that 1839 and 1842 were the years in which England came nearest to revolution, and that in these years Chartism "was truly a movement of the masses, the first purely proletarian movement in European politics". The result is a kind of 1930s Marxist version of Hovell's famous book.

The search for revolutionary manifestations is pursued relentlessly throughout the narrative. Haraszti sees the Tolpuddle martyrs as examples of revolutionary trades unionism, and the Swing riots of 1830 as a revolutionary movement of the agricultural labourers. She finds that the appeal of the *Northern Star* lay in its revolutionary spirit and language; and she claims that what the majority of Chartists wanted was "the complete transformation of socio-economic life, if need be, by means of revolution". Unfortunately she does not define what she means by revolution, and at times the word seems to be used to describe any kind of riot, crowd action or violent confrontation.

On the interpretation of the Newport rising and the events of the winter of 1839-40 (crucial for any discussion of this matter) she is cautious and uncommitted and offers no new theories, preferring to refer the reader to a discussion by A. L. Morton and Soviet historians in 1960.

Not surprisingly, George Julian Harney has an honoured place in the book. He saw himself as the Marxist of the forthcoming English revolution, and soon turned his back on the reformism of William Lovett and his London Working Men's Association, taking instead "the rough road of a revolutionary". One of the most difficult problems for the student of Chartism, as Dorothy Thompson has pointed out, is to distinguish the largely verbal belatedness or revolutionary rhetoric of Harney or O'Connor from the genuine insurrectionary plans of Samuel Holborn or the Bradford Chartists. Significantly, the Home Office was not worried by Harney and his French revolutionary-type speeches; the real threat to authority was perceived to come from the less articulate but firmly rooted Chartist organizations of the provinces.

Another and larger problem is why the revolutionary potential which Harney describes did not result in a revolution. She conveys accurately and vividly the sense of class conflict and fear of immersion in the late 1830s and early 1840s, but she is less successful in explaining how and why English society was (just) able to contain Chartism and other radical movements.

On two points the book makes useful reading. First, the Irish dimension is well brought out, though mainly through O'Connor's personal position and not by means of an examination of Irish immigrants within the Chartist movement. The pervasive nature of Irish problems is nicely illustrated by Aitwood's refusal to support the Chartist demand for equal constituencies because this would have given Ireland 200 out of the 600 MPs, which he felt to be too many. Second, there is an interesting appendix of extracts from Hungarian papers concerning the Chartist and English politics between 1839 and 1848, and also comments by Harney, O'Brien and Ernest Jones on Kossuth and the Hungarian struggle for independence.

The limitations of Haraszti's book serve as useful reminders of the main areas of Chartist scholarship over the past twenty-five years. By far the most important has been the development of local studies and the exploration of a culture of working-class radicalism in the provinces. For historians in Britain today would try, as Haraszti does, to interpret Chartism solely through national leaders and organizations. Nor would it be acceptable to suggest that the complex influence of dissent, Methodism "made the thousands of destitute paupers believe that the salvation of their souls was just as much a part of God as that of the souls of all other creatures. And these thousands then followed [J. R.] Stephen's lead who could equally answer their religious and political questions".

In due course, and gradually, the movement died out and the Jacobins were reconciled. How soon did the Government cease to regard it as dangerous? Lenman implies that by the 1760s it was practically over; but it should not be forgotten that in 1771 troops were still stationed in Banff to overawe a traditionally Jacobite district, and that no redress could be obtained when one of their officers murdered a respected citizen. Lenman regards the loyalty of the heirs of Culloden exiles during the American Revolution as a crucial factor. One might add that at the end of 1780 the Pretender's wife deserted him and it was finally clear that there would be no heir. Whatever the combination of causes, the forfeited estates were restored in 1784, and five years later the French Revolution relegated the whole business to history and Sir Walter Scott.

However, to evaluate Chartism by these criteria is probably in the last resort irrelevant. Basically the purpose of the book is not analytical or enquiring but celebratory. The difficulty with it is not that it is Marxist but that it is a type of Marxist as long used by historians in Britain. The writer clearly "Charlton, the revolutionary working-class movement preparatory to a new society, a movement which inevitably sprang up a little too early but inevitably was – as Lenin put it – the last word before Marxism. It was dangerous because it was just cause, whose objects had been fulfilled by history up to this day".

# Settling greedily

Kenneth Ingham

D. M. SCHREUDER:  
The Scramble for Southern Africa,  
1877-1895  
384pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£13.50.  
0 521 20279 5

It is always refreshing to read a book about southern Africa which has been written with an eye to the evidence rather than with a predisposition to polemic. D. M. Schreuder's *The Scramble for Southern Africa* is such a book. If one can risk contradicting oneself, it almost overwhelms the reader with its tightly packed information, its neatly descriptive phrases and its range of argument.

It emerges clearly from Professor Schreuder's intensive researches that whatever scramble for territory took place in southern Africa began some time before the Berlin West Africa conference of 1884-5 alerted the powers of Europe to the need to avoid conflict among themselves by exercising a measure of control over the activities of their nationals in tropical Africa. The scramble in southern Africa was initially a local affair. It involved white settlers and miners, greedy for land or gold, men of British or Dutch descent, the former sometimes supported

by British colonial officials in the area, the latter by the governments of the two Boer republics.

What is not so clear is the role of successive British Governments in southern Africa. Before the later 1880s, they seem to have preferred an intermittent assertion of "what we have we hold" rather than to acknowledge any commitment to what Professor Schreuder refers to as proxy empire. Even after Germany had declared its protectorate over south-western Africa and Cecil Rhodes had made his bid for the lands beyond the Limpopo, the British Government's grant of a charter to the BSA Company was little more than an attempt to protect its right, with minimum involvement to ensure that potential diplomatic incidents could be checked. After all, southern Africa was distinctly peripheral to the concerns of British government in spite of the declarations that were made from time to time about the strategic importance of the Cape. As colonial secretary, the Earl of Derby was far more involved in the affairs of Egypt than of South Africa, while for the Tories Viscount Knutsford was anxious only to ensure that Britain should carry out its legal obligations to both whites and blacks in South Africa. Yet Professor Schreuder rightly draws attention to the fact that, however dismissive later critics of empire may have been, British Governments were genuinely concerned about the welfare of the black population even if their attempts to promote it were often ill-conceived. He

gives full credit, too, to the opinions and conclusions of an earlier generation of South African historians who had insights into events which were much closer to them than to later researchers.

To isolate any limited period of history for detailed scrutiny is likely to lead to problems of context. It was probably easier to begin this book with an account of the attempts by the Earl of Carnarvon to create a South African Federation than it was to end it in 1895. Although Carnarvon's initiative was not a novel one, it did mark a change in policy after a period in which ideas of federation had been allowed to lapse. Can one, however, accept that the Jameson Raid necessitated a new attitude on the part of the British Government towards South Africa? Or was it not, as A. N. Porter has recently suggested, that Joseph Chamberlain as Secretary of State for the Colonies simply used South Africa as a useful focus for attracting the attention of the British public to his campaign for strengthening the empire? If Chamberlain and Milner had been replaced by men of a different disposition, one cannot help thinking that official British involvement in South Africa would have followed a very different line. That is another story and perhaps another book. Nevertheless, Professor Schreuder has provided a clear justification for the view that intensive research can always challenge easy assumptions, and that old interpretations are worth reconsideration in spite of the clamour for attention from fashionable new ones.

By Dennis Duncanson

WANG FAN-HSI:  
Chinese Revolutionary Memoirs 1919-1949  
Memoirs 1919-1949  
Translated by Gregor Benton  
282pp. Oxford University Press. £15.  
0 19 211746 7

Defeated Marxist factions are like extinct branches of an evolutionary tree. Comrade Wang's memoirs recall the "social Darwinist" environment in which the Stalin-Trotsky struggle for survival was waged in China between the Sixth and Seventh Congresses of the Communist International (1928-35). The Comintern's mission to China under Borodin had been designed to seat a communist party in power through eventual takeover of the Nationalist military victories by coup from within. When in 1927 Chiang Kai-shek forestalled the Moscow plot, Trotsky seized on the discomfiture as his principal pretext for challenging Stalin's assumption of Lenin's mantle, for Stalin had directed the mission's acts almost day by day. At that time, few if any of the members of the Chinese Communist Party questioned their subordination to the Comintern any more than members of European communist parties did, and they split similarly under the Stalin and the Trotsky banners. The author of this book lined up with Trotsky.

One would like to believe that the Chinese split was over ideals; one might still be sympathetic if it had proved not quite that but was at least over the question of which policy would best fulfil the World-Revolutionary Purpose. Alas, it is pretty clear that which way any young comrade like Wang Fan-hsi actually turned was determined by the accidents of his environment; the majority of recruits abandoned communism altogether. The Comintern mission had selected Wang in its last moments for training in Moscow at the Communist University for Toilers of the East; from there he was transferred to the special revolutionary school for Chinese called "Sun Yat-sen University". The story of the latter institution, and of the rift among its student body under different Russian patrons, has been told by Yueh Sheng (*Sun Yat-sen University in Moscow and the Chinese Revolution*, 1971); although neither author mentions encountering the other, the new memoirs confirm that story, down to the detail that the present President of the Republic of China in Taiwan, Chiang Kai-shek's son, not only attended Sun Yat-sen – rather like the son of some subject royal, house held hostage at the Moscow court, but also joined the Trotskyists. Wang adds a few scraps of information – for example, that the basic study text of those days, before Lenin's works were collected, was

Bukharin's *A.B.C. of Communism* – but in the main his narrative dwells on which personalities sided with which.

The focus of Trotsky's "Bolshevism-Leninism" was urban, and this fact condemned Wang for the rest of his life to professional martyrdom in a cause doomed to environmental extinction: it was the Chinese Stalinists who, however accidentally, hit on the secret of survival by fleeing to the countryside and winning power by traditional guerrilla means. So long as the Stalinist Central Committee maintained a presence in Shanghai, dodging to and fro across the frontiers between Chinese and foreign authorities, Wang, though in the "opposition", worked on as propagandist under Chou En-lai and was paid with "Moscow gold" which his chief persuaded him originated in the membership dues of the Leningrad branch of the Soviet Party. These were the years of Stalin's "putschism" in the wake of the Great Depression; but the concerted drive of Chiang Kai-shek and the international security services from Batavia up to Tientsin in 1930-31 drove Chou and other Stalinists to join Mao Tse-tung in the hills and left the unadaptable Trotskyists to their "proletarian" devices. The rest of Wang's story is an anticlimax of futile clandestinity which further fragmented the "opposition", instead of uniting it, and landed Wang in prison twice; he was rescued in the end by the Japanese invasion. Ch'en Tu-hsiu, though founder of the Chinese Party and eventually becoming a Trotskyist himself when disgruntled by suppression, failed to reunite the faction under the Fourth-International banner, and during the Second World War the comrades split yet again between nationalists and class-warriors, just as European socialists had split during the First.

It is surprising that these memoirs should be judged important for history. Wang was not placed high enough to make his actions that had any historical outcome. On the other hand, he limits himself to the minimum of personal detail: a couple of wives and a child or two come on as "crowd" but are dismissed as irrelevances unworthy of a dedicated revolutionary; even though one suspects they helped keep him at times. Ironically, it was the victory of communist arms in 1949 which finally rendered the revolutionary environment in China so hostile that the Trotskyists became extinct and Wang had to emigrate, to live from his forties to his seventies in Macau. He is bitter about the Stalinists' persecution of other communists but spares no compassion for what they did to non-communists. What he did live on in Macau, and how it is he has not to America now in his old age? He does not condescend to say. There is too much tag-teasey throughout the book: one feels he is insincere.

# Actively discontented

By Edward Playfair

BRUCE LENMAN:  
The Jacobite Risings in Britain 1689-1746  
320pp. Eyre Methuen. £12.  
0 413 39650 9

Bruce Lenman describes himself as an economic and social historian, and this stimulating book is an attempt to analyse what made people become active Jacobites, as distinct from those who had Jacobite sentiments but did nothing about it. Though he applies the techniques of social history, which lead him to a satisfactory study of particular cases, he deals mostly with political leaders and hardly gets below the rank of small Irish, tacksman, militia, and what he rather oddly calls burghal patriots – oligarchs would seem a better title for most of that ilk crew. This cannot be helped; at that time the commonality did what they were told in most parts, and particularly in Scotland.

We must be grateful to Lenman for becoming a historian: why he did so is obscure, since he writes with total distaste for nearly everyone in his period, and indeed today, when he makes his invariably witty and apposite parallels with the politics of this century. To take one example, few earlier writers on the '45 can have written with equal venom and contempt about the characters of Lord Elcho and Forbes of Culloden. All this is fun, but so extreme as to inspire some scepticism. Non-professionals must read the book with care; but they should read it just the same. Sympathisers with Whig and Tory alike will have their eyes opened. Lenman does not really sympathize with anyone except

perhaps Fletcher of Saltoun, which shows his form: the lost cause of non-Jacobite radical nationalism.

The book is far too deep and insipid to summarize. There is, deliberately, no military narrative: that has been done many times already. But Lenman deals in general terms with the military and political factors which led to failure after failure: incompetent leadership, foolish optimism and excessive self-beliefs by the French. He is at his best in his analysis of discontent as a factor encouraging Jacobitism. The Union was never popular, but its supporters claimed that it would at least bring early economic prosperity, which it failed to do. Beside this general point is the particular one of revolt as a last resort for bankrupt magnates, an old Scottish phenomenon but not a universal one: Lenman shows that in Angus the '15 was supported by the richest families.

Economic factors were not the only ones. There was the correlation between episcopacy and Jacobitism and between Presbyterianism and support for the Government. Here the nature of the book, which is about Jacobites and not about their opponents, leads to a certain gap. Lenman writes a great deal about the episcopalian north-east, and very naturally says little about the Presbyterian south-west; which ecclesiastically and politically was a mirror-image of the north-east. Therefore his exposition of the economic factors lacks an available control. Why did they not affect the politics of the south-west? Did they do more than confirm the existing politics of the north-east?

Lenman does not fully bring out the nature of the correlation between episcopacy and Jacobitism, and here the closeness of that correlation in the north-east can mislead. He does not mention the Act of 1695 concerning the Church, which

gave a complete let-out, for their lifetime, for episcopal ministers who were prepared to support the Revolution. R. C. Burleigh says that more than a hundred ministers took the oaths under the Act; presumably the most part outside the Jacobite north-east, where the laws were lastly applied; but one would like to know. The best-known case is that of Mr Lundle, who died in 1759 as Father of the Church, faithful to his episcopal principles and still refusing to sign the Confession of Faith; but that was in East Lothian, and doubtless he had taken the political oaths without gagging.

Lenman quotes five parishes in the Jacobite heartland as examples of episcopalian ministers lasting for decades after the Revolution. The story of his famous five could be read differently. They were more or less undisturbed till the '15, but after that, things were tightened up. By 1718 two had been deposed for praying for the Pretender and one for immorality (possibly, a pretext); a fourth had died under a process of discipline. The fifth survived as minister till his death in 1727; he came of a family of divided loyalties and was a minor laird in his own parish, so had interests to protect; he may have taken the oaths.

One excellent point which Lenman makes is that these rebellions must not, as some say, be considered as a way between two civilizations; Celt and Saxon. The Highland magnates were largely Englishized and in full contact with the continental culture of the time; and this went for the Highland ministers and many of the tacksmen as well. The recognized danger, for some of them, was that they might forget Gaelic, which they still needed at home. In 1713 the grandson and ultimate heir of the Earl

of Breadalbane wrote (in English, of course) from Oxford, where he was an undergraduate, to reassure his grandfather: "I still take care about my Irish, and sometimes meet with Sir Donald MacDonald's son, who is here, and another Gentleman, when we talk nothing but Irish."

In due course, and gradually, the movement died out and the Jacobites were reconciled. How soon did the Government cease to regard it as dangerous? Lenman implies that by the 1760s it was practically over; but it should not be forgotten that in 1771 troops were still stationed in Banff to overawe a traditionally Jacobite district, and that no redress could be obtained when one of their officers murdered a respected citizen. Lenman regards the loyalty of the heirs of Culloden exiles during the American Revolution as a crucial factor. One might add that at the end of 1780 the Pretender's wife deserted him and it was finally clear that there would be no heir. Whatever the combination of causes, the forfeited estates were restored in 1784, and five years later the French Revolution relegated the whole business to history and Sir Walter Scott.

Although Haraszti's bibliography contains a fair sprinkling of titles from the 1960s and 1970s there is little evidence that this work has been assimilated. Its sources most heavily drawn upon are Gammage, Lovett, Holyoake, West, and the usual Home Office papers and *Northern Star* references. No mention is made of important recent books such as those of James Epstein and John Beckett, indeed this seems to be a category of sources not drawn upon at all. The historiography of important aspects of Chartism is still dominated by reference to Chisholm's *Revolutionary Outlines* pamphlet of 1929, Cole (1941) and Max Beer (1919).

However, to evaluate Chartism by these criteria is probably in the last resort irrelevant. Basically the purpose of the book is not analytical or enquiring but celebratory. The difficulty with it is not that it is Marxist but that it is a type of Marxist as long used by historians in Britain. The writer clearly "Charlton, the revolutionary working-class movement preparatory to a new society, a movement which inevitably sprang up a little too early but inevitably was – as Lenin put it – the last word before Marxism. It was dangerous because it was just cause, whose objects had been fulfilled by history up to this day".

By Stephen Salter

JILL STEPHENSON:  
The Nazi Organisation of Women  
246pp. Croom Helm. £11.95.  
0 85664 673 3

In her introduction Jill Stephenson states: "While this book aims to provide a more complete picture of the Nazi women's organizations from their start, in the early 1920s, until their end in 1945, its purpose is above all to contribute to the study of National Socialism as a movement which attracted and held the enthusiasm of a small minority of Germans who, given the chance from 1933, attempted to impose their will on the majority."

Almost half the book is concerned with the emergence and development of women's organizations associated with the Nazi party up to 1933. Dr Stephenson stresses that these organizations did not emerge from a vacuum: parallel to – and largely in reaction against – the liberal and socialist women's movements, many middle-class women were ideologically disposed to support romantic organizations which looked back to imperial Germany for their model of women's place in society. She also brings out the essentially non-political activity of the main women's group associated with the Nazi party during the 1920s: the tasks of the *Deutscher Frauenorden* were almost exclusively practical – cooking and caring for the SA, for example. However, its lack of any clear hierarchical structure and the resultant organizational chaos and personal rivalries created considerable problems for many *Gruppenleiterinnen*, which the establishment of the NS-Frauenrat by Gregor Strasser in 1933 was intended to overcome.

Yet this did not signify any acceptance of women as political equals within the Nazi party; rather, the function of the NSF officials was "to find how best to implement the decisions of the Party's leadership as they affected women, not to question them". The attempts of the NSF to win women over to the Nazi party were hampered by the patent anti-feminism of the middle leaders at the Reich level. In particular, the NSF seems to have made little impact on working-class women before 1933.

Dr Stephenson focuses on internal policies and disputes in the NSF during the period 1933-34 years, but pays little attention to the ways in which the liberal and socialist women's organizations were destroyed. Such an examination would have formed a useful background to her

claim that in the 1930s the NSF, and the less overtly left-political *Deutsches Frauenwerk*, had little success in mobilizing the female population of Germany for the Nazi regime. Undoubtedly one of the contributing factors to the relative impotence of the two organizations was their lack of control over the women's section of the German Labour Front (its four million female members made it the most significant of the organizations from the point of view of working-class women). Worse still, the Women's Labour Service was absorbed by the Reich Labour Service under Hitler in 1936. After 1933 the NSF was even deprived of many of its welfare functions and its determined leader, Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, was unable to eradicate the essentially middle-class image of the Nazi women's organizations.

Despite large membership (on paper at least), these organizations were not able to arouse much interest among women for the hotch-potch which passed for the philosophy of National Socialism; the DFW had some success in attracting women to practical instruction courses, but political courses remained unpopular. Dr Stephenson rightly stresses the role of the churches, especially the Catholic Church, in insulating women from Nazi ideology.

There is an interesting section on the wartime work of the NSF and DFW with the "racial Germans" in the occupied territories. However, there is no real discussion of the regime's failure to mobilize women for the war effort, a failure which is attributed simply to "the hold-all of 'ideology'"; thus, "... a debate about the desirability of conscripting women into war industry dragged on for years, remaining unresolved until 1943 largely because of Hitler's personal prejudices". Yet it was Goering who halted the first major debate on the subject (in spring and summer 1940), stating that conscription of women would cause too much unrest among the population. This failure may more plausibly be attributed to the opposition of husbands (especially if they were soldiers) and to poor work discipline among women conscripted into industry (employers frequently preferred foreign workers).

It is the failure to consider these wider issues which casts doubt on Dr Stephenson's success in achieving the second of the aims she sets herself – of shedding light on the nature of the regime as a whole. The extent to which terror was wielded to prevent the emergence of widespread opposition is underestimated, while Hitler's popularity (which dwindled rapidly from 1942 onwards, rather than 1943 as she suggests) is exaggerated. She frequently mentions Nazi anti-feminism, but makes little attempt to trace its origins: are they to

be found in irrational prejudices, left-overs from a "pre-modern" mentality, or in the clear material interest of economically threatened lower-middle-class men in keeping their wives and daughters on their small-holdings and behind their shop-courters?

These criticisms aside, Dr Stephenson has produced an extremely competent book. She has command of the available documentary material and has made a useful contribution to the study of the position of women in the Third Reich.

*The Chinese and the Japanese: Essays in Political and Cultural Interactions*, edited by Akira Iriye – A Conference Volume of the Social Science Research Council – (420pp. Princeton University Press. £13.70.) contains a series of essays which examine the field of Chinese-Japanese relations between 1800 and 1945 within the framework of comparative history. Contributors include Bonnie B. Oh, Noriko Kamachi, John Schrecker, Marius B. Janson, Ernest P. Young, Masaru Ikei, Takafusa Nakamura, Lloyd E. Eastman and Shumpei Okamoto.

# Balance in Botswana

By Christopher R. Hill

GWENDOLEN M. CARTER and E. PHILIP MORGAN (eds):  
From the Front Line  
Speeches of Sir Seretse Khama  
339pp. Rex Collings. £15.  
0 86036 035 5

A review of the collected speeches (1964-1978) of the late President of Botswana cannot avoid becoming an obituary of the man himself. He steered the former Protectorate of Bechuanaland to independence in 1966 and guided it devotedly until his death in 1980, when he was succeeded by the Vice-President, Dr Quett Masire. It is fitting that the launching of the book coincided with the inauguration of the United Kingdom-Botswana Society, at which Dr Masire was present.

Such a book necessarily contains a great deal of repetition and it must have been difficult for the editors to decide how much to leave out. To have condensed the material would have produced a more readable volume, but the impression might have been lost of Sir Seretse Khama's industry, seriousness and attention to every detail of the national life. Specialists will wish to possess the collection and must be in Rex Collings' debt for publishing it, and all students of the region will need to refer to it. The President was deeply concerned

about the internal problems which Botswana shares with so many Third World countries, ranging from unpredictable rainfall to the shortages of skilled Botswana (particularly in the sciences), unemployment, the need to devise an educational system suitable for the great mass of the people whose future must lie in the rural areas, and the problems of persuading rural people not to flock to the towns.

Above all he was concerned with building the nation as a focus of loyalty superior to the tribe and he realized the danger to national unity posed by continuing inequality, both between urban dwellers and workers in the mines on the one hand and the rural poor on the other, and between rich and poor farmers. Yet as a great territorial magnate, himself, he could hardly be expected to espouse far-reaching socialist solutions; indeed, he was no ideologue, but preferred to rely on traditional *kgotla* – balance and harmony between people.

The great bulk of the collection is devoted to foreign affairs and especially to Botswana's unique position as a land-locked country entirely surrounded (in the period of these speeches) by white-ruled territories, except for a minute boundary with Zambania at Kasengwa. Without that position high *per capita* aid which the President and his successors have secured, and high *per capita* aid which the President and his team won for it. But Sir Seretse also used his platform to promote ideas and talk

sound sense; he dared to criticize the Patriotic Front for its reluctance to negotiate; he did nothing to hide the feelings of black Africa, whilst angrily rejecting any insult to African dignity; he attacked once and for all the internal policies of South Africa, particularly the creation of homelands like the Transkei, from which he was so anxious to distinguish his own country, and refused ever to accept official aid from South Africa or establish diplomatic relations with it; yet he made no bones about Botswana's absolute need to maintain reasonable relations with its powerful neighbour.

In all available forums the President drew attention over the years to the danger of a bloodbath in southern Africa, yet he identified a new mood of openness among the white members of South Africa's white elite long before this idea trickled down to foreign academic commentators, and he remained optimistic, though perhaps with diminishing conviction, that the eventual settlement of the South African question could be achieved with minimal violence.

Sir Seretse Khama was a nationalist, a liberal and above all, as his happy marriage showed the world, a non-racialist. He was proud that his new state was not another new tyranny; he welcomed men and women of any colour at Botswana, and he believed that in Botswana he had helped to create an island of decency and sanity which could be an example to the whole of southern Africa.

John Hill







